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WORD COMES FROM WASHINGTON that France is probably to get a 6 per cent loan of $100,000,000 from this country with which she will refund some of her bond issues bearing a higher rate of interest. A special dispatch to the New York *Times* predicts

> that a banking syndicate will be permitted soon to float a refunding issue in this country for the French Government, so that France may be able to take advantage of her improved financial position and call in issues on which she is now paying as high as 8 per cent.
>
> Because of failure by France to ratify the Mellon-Bérenger agreement for the repayment of the French wartime indebtedness the American money market has been closed to that Government, so far as public offerings of bonds and other securities are concerned.
>
> But the feeling here is now reported to be that, despite the continued inaction by France on the war debt, the ban should be lifted if a purely refunding loan is proposed, as this would simply result in permitting France to replace bonds already existing with others on which she would make a very material saving in interest rates.

We doubt if the purpose to which the loan is to be devoted has melted Washington's stony heart; rather, we imagine, the improved financial position of France has suggested that if Americans do not make the loan somebody else will, and we shall thus lose control. What interests us especially, though, is the wording of the dispatch so as to imply that there has been a legal embargo on loans to France. Of course the administration has no such authority. There has been merely a "gentleman's agreement" with the chief powers of Wall Street, resting on mutual interests and fears. Just to show our sporting blood we hereby offer to float a non-callable loan of $1 for France, without security, without interest, and *without permission of Washington.*

WE SEE BY THE PAPERS that the members of the United States Marine Corps now resident in Nicaragua have killed two "bandits" in the northern jungles. It is hard to keep track of the precise purpose of "our boys" in the Central American republic, because for several weeks last winter our mission varied with every successive utterance from Washington. We do recall, though, that we sent the marines back to Nicaragua a year ago with the announcement that they were there solely to protect the lives and interests of our citizens and would maintain "strict neutrality" in the internal political quarrel. From that we have gone on to setting up a puppet president and finally to clearing the northern jungles of "bandits." But as this latest news issues from Washington we are led to suspect that it may not be quite frank, and as we read on into the heart of the dispatch we find: "The incident occurred in a region where General Sandino, Nicaraguan guerrilla, had been operating, but he is now believed to have left the country." In other words the "bandits" would be better known south of the Rio Grande as the remnants of the Liberal army which has been opposing the made-in-America President Diaz. What a pity George III did not have the services of our propaganda experts in Washington, who know that more battles are won by calling names than by firing bullets! The history of the American Revolution might have been written so as to read that the British were attacked by sneak thieves at Lexington, Burgoyne was ambushed by gunmen at Saratoga, and Cornwallis had to surrender his sword at Yorktown to a pickpocket named George Washington.

HOW GERMANY WILL MEET the rapidly increasing reparations called for under the fourth year of the Dawes Plan is the perplexing question economists are asking themselves. This fourth year (which began on September 1) of the experts' scheme is viewed as the critical period. The opinion of such men as Bernard Baruch and John Maynard Keynes is that the joint burden of reparations payments and interest payments on foreign loans is too great and that, as the latter put it, "the Dawes plan will break down according to schedule." The statistics supporting this fear seem even more convincingly to presage a crisis. In the first three years of the Dawes payments the annuities were moderate and rose slowly, while Germany was helped considerably to meet them by foreign loans. The first annuity of $250,000,000 in 1924-1925, for example, was largely paid from the Dawes loan. The second annuity

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(1925-1926) was $305,000,000, and the third (1926-1927), $375,000,000. Then they jump rapidly from the $437,000,000 of the fourth (1927-1928) to the $625,000,000 of the fifth (1928-1929). Germany's burden is further increased by the $60,000,000 interest payment on foreign loans. The contributions of the German budget are expected to increase from $125,000,000 (1927-1928) to $312,000,000 (1928-1929). But the discouraging fact here is that the budget has already had a deficit for the last two years. Even with drastic budget reform it is difficult to see how the future payments are to be covered from this source.

THE OUTLOOK FOR SUCCESSFUL payment of the Dawes annuities from the other remaining source—the balance of international payments—is even more serious. Out of surplus exports over imports Germany is expected to finance her tremendous payments abroad. But up to the present the German trade balance has contributed nothing to the payment of reparations. For the two and one-half years ending April 30, 1927, her net excess of imports was $795,000,000, and, moreover, the excess of imports over exports has been rising steadily. To make her export surplus pay for the 1928-1929 annuity, it is pointed out, would require an increase of between 40 and 50 per cent. Furthermore, this would have to be chiefly in coal, iron, steel, and textiles. Obviously, this expansion in Germany's export trade would probably drive England and France out of their own markets! It does not take a vivid imagination to vision how Stanley Baldwin or Raymond Poincaré would welcome such a prospect. In connection with the approaching crisis we note the conclusion of Mr. Keynes that "it is probable that the authors of the Dawes Plan did not expect their scheme to work." It was their plan, he continues, to gain time, and "so to arrange that, when the breakdown came, it would come as something inevitable and involuntary." This would allow a sane and reasoned revision of the reparations problem. With the present tendency toward amicable trade relations between France and Germany, the possibility for this working out of the Dawes Plan grows more likely.

THE ABOLITION of governmental censorship of the press during peace time was the most important resolution urged by the International Conference of Press Experts, which met in Geneva the last week in August. Representatives of the Italian press, at present among the chief sufferers in this sort of surveillance, supported the motion. A resolution was also passed asking that no journalist be expelled from a country for professional reasons without consultation with a committee of journalists; and in this matter also foreign journalists writing from Italy have a grievance. It is interesting to record that while discussion of the no-censorship motion was going on, Señor Asturias, editor of the *Imparcial* of Guatamala, declared that in some Latin American countries an official censorship was exercised by the United States Government, which extended not only to the national interests of this country but "to the North American companies established" in South American regions. The pressure is applied by our diplomatic representatives; when a journal takes an attitude regarded as objectionable from the standpoint of our interests, the editor receives an intimation that a change would be advisable. In other words, the United States Government is not only prepared to send marines to protect our investments in out-of-the-way-places, but is ready and willing to bluepencil Latin American papers which print statements possibly derogatory to American investors. The conference went on record also as in favor of the "open door" principle in regard to information—that there should be no discrimination on the part of government as between official and independent news agencies.

A LETTER has come to us from the secretary of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, 48 Boylston Street, which reads in part:

> As chairman of the Library Committee of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, I have cancelled their subscription to your paper as I cannot have such propaganda circulated amongst the young men of this community. We have an able and fearless Governor who has done his duty in spite of the insidious propaganda that he has been subject to. Its citizens are behind him. . . .
>
> God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives.

Our reply, in part, follows:

> Has it occurred to you that you are taking a good deal of responsibility in deciding what facts and opinions the young men of your community shall or shall not read? How are you so sure that you are right and those who disagree with you wrong? Is it not rather the work of the library to present readers with material from all sides, encouraging them to think for themselves and reach their own conclusions?
>
> A course of action with which one agrees is always "able and fearless," and the chief actor seems invariably to have "done his duty." Any opinion to the contrary is always "insidious propaganda." The church of Luther's day regarded his theses as "insidious propaganda." The church of an earlier day took the same position in regard to the teachings of Christ.
>
> "God reigns," you say. We do not know what God you have enthroned in Boylston Street, but if the God of justice and mercy of the Scriptures looks down on Massachusetts today, we feel that He must cover His eyes in sadness and discouragement.
>
> Or is it that Massachusetts has set up a god of its own, whose indifference equals that of Pontius Pilate, whose hardness surpasses that of Plymouth Rock?

THE BOSTON POLICE did not cease their illegal activities with the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti Their invasion of the funeral procession is described by Creighton Hill of Wellesley Hills as follows:

> Acting for weeks without consideration for the fundamental rights of the living, the police yesterday violated the decencies which any civilized society owes to the dead. They broke up an orderly funeral procession, assaulting and clubbing defenseless men and women who were guilty of no crime but that of following in an orderly manner the bodies of Sacco and Vanzetti.
>
> I was in that solemn funeral procession and I can testify that not one inflammatory movement was made or intended by that crowd. Sincere, poignant grief and the dignity of deep sorrow brought those thousands together. Nothing else. And what happened?
>
> Instead of offering the testimony of one who might be accused of sympathetically exaggerating the facts, may I quote briefly from the press this morning:
>
> "One officer was to be seen beating a woman in the face with his fist. A girl was standing near the coal company office, her face buried in her hands with a split chin. . . . A policeman stuck his pistol at the window of a taxi-

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cab, then turned suddenly, went to another car, dragged a man out to kick him toward Boston. Persons who were riding on running boards of autos and taxicabs were dragged off and beaten or booted in the direction of Boston. By this time the main body was in flight toward Boston, pursued by a line of policemen who still used their clubs. Women were given no mercy in the panic. . . . While one man was being beaten by a sergeant with an umbrella, his hat was knocked off and, stooping to pick it up, he was booted by a patrolman. He went down and the patrolman kicked the hat high in the air."

FURTHER TESTIMONY is given by Fred E. Beal of Lawrence, a letter from whom, we are glad to say, was printed by the Boston *Herald*. Mr. Beal, a veteran of the World War, says in part:

> At this time we were all arrested and brought to the Charlestown station in City Square. On the way along one of the policemen said: "The crowd didn't beat you up, but, O boy, wait until you get to the station." After being booked at the station I was taken in hand by four husky brutes. After closing the cell-room door one of the brutes said: "So you're an American, eh?" and delivered a right to my jaw. The others used unprintable words and continued punching me in the jaw and the stomach. Not satisfied with this, two of them held my hands while a third gave me a dozen slaps in the face. And then they threw me with force into the cell. The next victim was treated much worse and the last one was kicked and punched so that he was unconscious for 15 minutes.

Beside such conduct the minor infractions of the law of which the police were guilty in connection with the sale of *The Nation* were trivial, but are worth putting in the record. Fourteen boys who were selling copies of *The Nation* containing the editorial Massachusetts the Murderer were arrested in various parts of the city on charges running from loitering and selling without a license to attempting to incite a riot. Our agent in Boston got in touch with the Superintendent of Police, who agreed that the arrests were unjustified and the charges were dropped in court.

WE HAVE RECEIVED from the printing press of Horace and Nettie Burton Carr in Cleveland, some posters two by three feet in size. In handsome black type on a cream-colored paper appears the following inscription:

On the twenty-third of August, 1917
NICOLA SACCO
and
BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

workingmen and dreamers of the Brotherhood of Man, who thought to find it in America, after seven tortured years in prison were done to a cruel death by the children of those Pilgrims who, long ago, fled to this land—for Freedom.

They are at peace; but their voices are gone into all the earth, and they will be remembered with gratitude and tears when the names of those who murdered them—Statesmen—Judges—Scholars—have gone down into everlasting shame.

We have put this poster up where we and others can see it; we think we shall appreciate rereading it after a good many other comments on the Massachusetts tragedy—including some of our own—have grown stale.

IN THE DISMISSAL of two of his professors, President Shawkey of Marshall College, in Huntington, West Virginia, used what is known in military circles as a "smoke screen." When Watson Selvage, head of the department of philosophy, was asked to resign last March, a vague ministerial protest was given as the reason for the president's action. At the hearing on August 25 before the State Board of Education it developed that this religious issue was raised by Mr. Shawkey to cover more embarrassing reasons (whether to him or to the dismissed professors he did not specify). The "real" reasons were finally elicited from the president:

> That there had always been a question about Professor Selvage's ability to adapt himself to the situation at Marshall.
>
> That for this reason the instructor had been employed only on a temporary basis.
>
> That he was careless or indifferent as to his financial obligations.
>
> That he had many impractical ideas about business affairs.
>
> That he was "unnecessarily offensive toward those who differ from him in their thinking."

Yet this same Mr. Shawkey sent Professor Selvage (upon his resignation last March) a warm letter in which he highly praised the professor, admitting that the latter had "rendered a valuable service" to the college throughout his stay, commending his "splendid loyalty" to the institution, and, finally, expressing regret at his departure from Marshall. At this time Dr. Arthur S. White of the chair of economics leaped to the defense of his colleague. Result: he too was dismissed, with the following "smoke screen" from Mr. Shawkey: "He has always been something of a problem. He is always active, but not always ethical in his actions. In four years of my association with him I have never heard him speak enthusiastically about either Marshall College, the State of West Virginia, or the American Government."

WAYNE B. WHEELER was still in his fifties when he died, and he had served the Anti-Saloon League for more than a third of a century. He was working his way through Oberlin College as assistant to a janitor when the Ohio branch of the league, then hoping for a spread of local-option territory, discovered in him a young man accustomed to work the long hours of a farm hand and devoted to its cause. He was one of those little men who are raised to greatness by a fanatic absorption in a single cause. The prohibition movement, growing out of its adolescence as a temperance movement, was his whole life; his bitterest enemy never suspected him of anything but passionate sincerity. He never saw two sides to a case. He saw Right, and Wrong, and crusaded without a shadow of the doubts which might have tormented a broader mind. In large measure he was personally responsible for making the Anti-Saloon League the most effective nonpartisan political organization in the United States, and for the final victory of the National Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act. Wayne Wheeler never lost his intemperate faith that all that was necessary was to browbeat his opponents into obedience to his law. To his mind any means was justified that helped the good end—poison, sharp politics, perhaps even near-bribery. He preferred a drunken congressman who would vote Dry to an honest tippler who voted as he acted. And in that preference lies one explanation, among others, of the moral failure of national prohibition.

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A Survival of Barbarism

I shall ask for the abolition of capital punishment until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me.—The Marquis of Lafayette.

OR, as the writer of a just-published volume* puts it, an "irrevocable punishment" can be safely imposed only by an "infallible tribunal." The idea has been in the minds of many in connection with the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. Supposing new evidence comes to light later? they ask. Supposing the innocence of these men is one day irrefutably established? That the state cannot give life, nor restore it in case of a mistake, has always been a sound reason against the death penalty, but it has been only one of the many emphasized by the tragedy in Massachusetts, the culminating effect of which, we hope, will be a public revulsion against capital punishment and a strong movement for its abolition in those States of the Union where this survival of barbarism still exists.

In origin the death sentence for murder is, of course, merely a relic of private vengeance; it is the job of "getting even" transferred from the individual to the state. But there are few who defend it on that ground today. What maintains it in modern society is chiefly a false belief in its value as a deterrent to crime, although history indicates that it has had a contrary effect. In the days when picking pockets was a capital crime in England the artists in this particular kind of thievery used to recognize the occasion of a hanging as one of exceptional opportunity and gathered in unusual strength to ply their trade. Nor has the abolition of capital punishment resulted in the sometimes-predicted "crime wave" where it has been tried. Take, for instance, the eight States of the Union that have abolished capital punishment even for murder—Michigan, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Maine, Kansas, Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota. If we glance at the figures on homicide for the eight years 1912-1919, in the twenty-six States of the Union for which statistics exist, we discover that the eight States having the lowest rate include five of the States in which the death penalty has been abolished. The State having the lowest homicide rate in the entire list is Maine, where capital punishment has not been in existence for forty years. The only way to decrease murder is to make human life more sacred, and this principle is violated every time a human being is sent to the scaffold or the electric chair far more dangerously than when an individual kills. For in the first case the killing is an acceptedly righteous act carried out by the will and theoretically supported by the conscience of the whole community. As the author of the book already alluded to says of experience in his own country, England:

> Anyone who reflects upon the events of the last century must realize how degrading a spectacle an execution inevitably must be. It was precisely for this reason that *public* executions were abolished. If the death penalty were, as its advocates contend, an effective and salutary deterrent, it follows that the more who witnessed it the greater would be its wholesome effect; the contrary proved true. Each succeeding public execution became the excuse for an increasing debauch in brutality which eventually compelled the authorities to abandon the practice. . . .

> For the more enlightened methods which are being introduced into our prisons today we need to call out the devotion of the best men and women of the community. We certainly shall not obtain men of the high standard required if we ask them to participate in such a degrading operation as an execution must be. . . . Public officials always act as our agents. It is *on our behalf* that they execute a condemned man. Few—even the stoutest upholders of capital punishment—would be willing to carry it out. We have no right to ask the paid officials of our elected representatives to perform on our behalf what we should have a moral objection to doing ourselves.

A serious objection to capital punishment nowadays is the aversion of most decent people to finding a prisoner guilty of a crime which will send him to his death. This objection is strong *unconsciously* even when not admitted or not realized. In a case like that of Sacco and Vanzetti, tried in a time of hysteria, it was overcome all too easily by fear and hate of the defendants. But ordinarily it works for the acquittal of the guilty.

This unwillingness on the part of juries to send another another human being to his death was recognized in an interesting way in England as long ago as 1830 when public sentiment in support of the sacredness of life was behind what it is today. At that date, when forgery was punishable by death, more than 1,000 bankers from 214 towns sent a petition to the House of Commons, saying:

> That your petitioners as bankers are deeply interested in the protection of property from forgery and in the conviction and punishment of persons guilty of that crime. That your petitioners find by experience that the infliction of death, or even the possibility of the infliction of death, prevents the prosecution, conviction, and the punishment of the criminal, and thus endangers the property which it is intended to protect. That your petitioners, therefore, earnestly pray that your honorable House will not withold from them that protection to their property which they could derive from a more lenient law.

Admittedly one of the most degrading aspects of capital punishment in these days is the increasing tendency of the press to turn murder trials into public hippodromes for the gratification of their readers. To quote Mr. Calver once more:

> That the press publicity given to the details of murder trials would continue on its present scale were the death penalty abolished is most unlikely. There is only one other kind of legal proceeding which—until recently prohibited by law—received anything like the same degree of publicity, viz.: the divorce case, and this was almost entirely due to an unfortunate public demand for sordid details concerning private sex relationships. With this one exception, there is no parallel to the publicity which a murder trial receives, though many a trial for a lesser offense, such as attempted murder or robbery, may have circumstances connected with it quite as dramatic. In a murder trial it is the fact that the accused person is fighting for his life which creates the wide-spread excitement and morbid interest; and this feature would at once be removed by the abolition of capital punishment.

We agree with Lord Buckmaster when he says: "But to me the only hope of the human race lies in increasing the feeling of sanctity for human life. Without this realization we shall never get rid of slums, of poverty, or of crime."

* Capital Punishment in the Twentieth Century. By E. Roy Calvert. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

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Geneva and Neutrality

OUR contemporary, the *New Republic*, seems to be correct in pointing out that the lamentable breakdown of the disarmament conference in Geneva was due to British insistence not merely on "protecting" her trade routes but on preventing neutrals from trading with Britain's enemies, according to the time-honored legal right of neutrals. That is, having illegally set aside all those restrictions on belligerent rights which international law had developed for the benefit of neutrals, and having justified this lawlessness during the war on the ground of "necessity," Britain now finds it desirable to enforce a similar policy in the future. Our contemporary, in acquiescing in such violations on the theory that nothing can be done about it until the United States joins some future association of nations which shall outlaw war and prevent lawlessness, is in the same position as those who supported the late catastrophe as a "war against war" and thus postponed the end in view to the accomplishment of the means. This is as profitable and useful as chasing a rainbow.

No one can look at the Europe of today, politically disorganized by as unwise and cynical a treaty as has ever disgraced European history, without realizing that the danger of war is at all times considerable. If possible future conflagrations, instead of being confined to small areas by keeping as many nations as possible neutral and by protecting the time-honored rights of neutrals, are to become general wars because it is now a "disgrace" to be neutral and because there are no rules to protect the rights of neutrals, the world faces chaos. The League of Nations proscription of neutrality was fantastic. In part, the proscription of war itself by the type of men who drafted the Treaty of Versailles raises the suspicion that they thus hoped rather to forestall any future challenge to their ill-advised political arrangements and to their ill-gotten gains and hypocritical and irresponsible conduct of international affairs.

It won't work and the British Government knows it. Instead, therefore, of permitting, as after past wars, the restoration of rules of law with their assurance of some degree of certainty and security, the British Government has refused, by arbitration of violated neutral rights or otherwise, to permit any challenge to her conduct of the war at sea; and by insisting on an enlarged navy she implicitly indicates her intention to act similarly in the future. Naturally, American admirals know that too. Hence the reciprocal struggle, one to maintain British supremacy in a European or Asiatic war, regardless of law, the other to maintain American neutral rights—now ostensibly cast into confusion—by force if necessary.

Both parties are wrong. But by intentionally leaving the law in doubt and uncertainty, war is invited, not discouraged. Instead of postponing the clarification of the law until we join some future association of nations—a distant day—we prefer to insist now on such clarification. British opposition could only be explained on the theory that Britain figures herself as a future belligerent rather than a neutral, that she prefers a British-manufactured uncertainty to law and order, and that she relies on force to make British policy prevail at any given time and place, regardless of the legal rights of others. It is a dangerous position, dangerous to Great Britain and to the world.

The Geneva conference disclosed a fundamental conflict of naval policy. Before the difference progresses to a point of irretrievability, we invite either learned societies, if governments are not yet ready, or such governments as are ready (as occurred in 1780, 1800, 1856, and 1908) to meet in conference and to redefine the law of neutrality at sea. That elaborate structure, which had been moulded and shaped during a century and a half by the combined efforts of all nations interested in working out a fair and satisfactory compromise between the otherwise irreconcilable claims of the belligerent to prevent all trade with his enemy and of the neutral freely to continue such trade, is now threatened with destruction by the British Government.

No single government can thus be permitted to destroy established institutions. The result would be to bring back, in a highly integrated and delicately balanced world, that chaos which prevailed in the days before Grotius and induced the armed neutralities of 1780 and 1800. Such a condition can hardly in the long run benefit the possessing nations, including Great Britain herself. The breakdown at Geneva is the first public manifestation of the seriousness of the situation. The sooner active steps are taken to frame a revised Declaration of London, in which neutrals shall be adequately represented, the better for the welfare of all peoples.

Even a Student Has Some Rights

SYRACUSE University learned recently from Supreme Court Justice Edward N. Smith that even universities must observe some semblance of common civility in their relations with students.

This unusual happening in which the authorities were given a little instruction in the fair treatment of students occurred when Justice Smith ordered a dismissed student reinstated. The student, Miss Beatrice O. Anthony, was dropped last October, but the university officials gave only the vaguest reasons for their action. It was intimated that Miss Anthony had violated "the moral atmosphere," the "ideals of scholarship," and that—the unpardonable sin!—"she was not the Syracuse type."

Quite properly, the court would not uphold a dismissal based on such flimsy evidence. Furthermore, the Justice said, dismissal of a student without giving adequate reasons, "may spell ruination of a life," and that the university could not have the right to inflict.

The university, of course, looked at the matter quite differently. One of the rules of registration at Syracuse states that attendance after tuition is paid is "a privilege and not a right." It is a most convenient arrangement, whereby Syracuse takes the student's money and then denies him any rights in exchange for it. "This rule," commented Justice Smith, "is repugnant in its very terms." In accepting the tuition fee, he explained, the university entered into a contract with the student, yet the clause objected to was a deliberate attempt to evade obligations under that contract. In other words, by inserting the clause, the university placed itself outside the contract laws. The injustices inherent in such rules are apparent enough and we quite agree with Justice Smith that "No such situation can be tolerated."

But it is tolerated to an amazing degree. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a dismissed student will have

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neither the courage nor resources to fight, regardless of whether his dismissal was justified or not (we are, of course, considering only dismissals for other than strictly scholastic reasons). The men who run the colleges often feel that "firing" is the best thing for a student who threatens to disturb the conventional complacency of the campus. Innocuous conformity is too generally the academic ideal.

The campus conformity, naturally, does not grow of itself. Many students, and even some professors, find it difficult to bend themselves to the proper pattern. To aid these misplaced scholars, therefore, the universities provide numberless petty rules prescribed by the pedagogues for the daily footsteps of those likely to err. The rules need have nothing to do with learning. The moral and religious aspects of the student's life are often as much the university's concern as his mental achievement. Even at Yale a student's degree depends as much on the proper balancing and proportioning of sick absences against excused and unexcused absences as upon his scholastic work. He must be single—since it is probably considered illogical to grant a bachelor's degree to a Benedict—and he must be celibate, since ties without benefit of clergy are frowned upon. And those who think differently, either among the faculty or students, are asked to move on, with the suggestion that after all, it is perhaps for their own good, and that it will help general university relations. It is only necessary to recall the constantly recurring cases of dismissed professors, to verify this. Students obviously fare much worse.

The decision of Justice Smith gives us the hope that possibly the *in loco parentis* policy of the pedagogues may be changed. It is disturbing to see students forced to lead an educational life circumscribed by numberless rules which, good or bad, are none of a university's business. The issue should be faced: can the spirit be free, can thought be vital, while colleges and universities are clothed in the crepe of formalism?

The Noble Art of Mystery

LEGEND has it that great minds—the minds of engineers, educators, business men, and statesmen—like to relax by reading cheap fiction. This is a monstrous error which any mind that was no more than merely good could demolish with a gesture. Persons with minds never find relaxation in inferior books. They find them, indeed, impossible to read at all, or at least very difficult. Books which are not interesting are surely not relaxing, and we take it that by a cheap novel is meant a poor one.

But an even profounder error is entertained by those who suppose that great men, casting about for dull literature with which to forget the duller world, satisfy their hunger with mystery stories. Now it is true that a certain hunger can be so satisfied. But it does not follow, as legend would have it follow, that mystery stories are cheap or light or inferior. They may be all those things, as books in any class may be. To say, however, that they are necessarily any of those things is to insult one of the major traditions in literature, and to accuse great men of wasting their time.

The modern mystery story, as Michael Sadleir points out in a recent letter to the London *Times*, is a direct descendant of the "Gothic" romance of the late eighteenth century. Times have changed since Gregory Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe conducted their heroines through gloomy underground passages resounding with the groans of tortured innocents. We are not regaled any more with apparitions of headless horsemen, armless gloves, and mysteriously nodding helmets. It is not for nothing that fiction has undergone its attack of naturalism. So the heirs of Mrs. Radcliffe have to work their spells in the real, average world we all are supposed to know about. But they do work them; they do serve the tradition which runs back from them farther, much farther, than the eighteenth century. And who is to say that it is not a noble tradition? Who would sniff at the literature of terror? Who does not like to be made afraid of the very world which he thought yesterday to be all too safe, and which, more's the pity, he will think similarly safe tomorrow?

The writer of a mystery story begins, of course, with a murder. It is only in the finding of a body struck down by hands unknown that his reader can be presumed to take the appropriate kind of interest. And we shall not deny that this is so. If life has lost many of its terrors since science and invention made going about in it both free and more monotonous, death still is strange; and sudden, inexplicable death is stranger yet. From this situation, then, the mystery writer starts. And he goes on as effectively as he may under what would be disadvantages for the novelist, but for him are the very rules of his art. The writer of mystery stories is not a novelist and should not be judged as one, or compared with one, or declared inferior to one because he does something else.

The novelist, for instance, would find it a disadvantage to be dealing with the death of a worthless person. There can be no tragedy in that, he would say, and he would be right; only the writer of mystery stories is not working with tragedy. He is working with terror, which is another thing from terror purged as Aristotle said tragedy purges it. No, the person murdered must be regretted by no one; otherwise how could we hang about the scene of the crime so long and so lovingly, and how could we give ourselves so completely to the task of ferreting out the clues? We must think for three hundred pages of nothing but a stabbed or strangled body.

The novelist again would suffer under the rule which obtains in mystery fiction against characterization. It is situation which counts, and complication; the true devotee of murder literature is impatient at the intrusion of love or humor, or wisdom, or pathos, or "psychology." Sherlock Holmes is what he is because he is a set of faculties merely. H. C. Bailey and G. K. Chesterton in England have endowed Mr. Fortune and Father Brown with interesting qualities, but in doing so they have run a great risk; and in "The Canary Murder Case," one of the best of recent American murder stories, Mr. Van Dine has actually handicapped himself by making Philo Vance something of a person.

Mystery stories have their own rules, and they have their own rewards. It is their business to freeze out the world all but a certain set of actions and emotions and within the narrow limits thus imposed to give the reader's mind the exercise it needs. All of the arts have their boundaries. It is suggested that someone pay mystery artists the compliment of discovering just what is they do not do, and what it is they do.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

WHEN the whistle blows at the end of the annual football game between Yale and Harvard all strife and rancor cease. The men in crimson huddle and give a lusty cheer for the wearers of the blue. Yale returns the compliment. This is a practice known as sportsmanship and no doubt the custom has its graces. But I am shocked to find those who would extend these undergraduate rites to conflicts more serious and weighty. Sacco and Vanzetti being dead, there are liberal journals which would have us all forget and love our neighbors without discrimination. The *World* asks that we honor the patriotic service of Lowell and of Stratton. And adds that equal praise should go to Frankfurter and to Thompson. The Boston *Herald* boasts that it has been "as liberal to one view as to the other."

Here in America the word "liberal" has lost its savor. Many have come to think of a liberal as a good-humored fellow with some sense of sportsmanship. He strides into a dispute and sagely ventures: "There is much to be said on both sides. The truth lies somewhere between the two." And that's a silly thing to say because it does not indicate just where truth sits in the uncharted field lying between the left and right. Liberalism deserves decay if it has nothing more to offer than the worship of Mrs. Winslow. Sportsmanship is a useful commodity in so far as it affords full and free discussion for both sides in any controversy, but there is no reason to respect the man who keeps his mind so open after the storm has broken that he cannot temper the wind to any shorn lamb. A neutral casts no shadow.

All of which brings me around to the condition of journalism in the United States. I used to be a newspaper man once myself, and the habits of that job are still strong enough to mar me for other work. I begin here apologetically. It might be said if Broun does only one piece a week he should write better than in the days when he did seven. I'm afraid it isn't so. One gets set into a rhythm. The cuckoo in a clock would crow no more sweetly if absolved from all responsibility for the hours and held accountable only for the announcement of each week's beginning. As a reformed columnist I will readily admit that any man who turns out a daily stint must shyly proffer much which is dry and dusty. However, I can be equally dull after a week's hard cogitation. Perhaps in time I shall find grace and even style, but during my apprenticeship I ask indulgence.

Kind friends have said: "You are a fool. Newspaper work's your own line. Why don't you go back to the *World*, which is ready to forgive and to forget?" Others have passed the epithet "idealist." But I'm not altogether a fool and I haven't earned the other classification either. By following the line of least resistance I came to be a personal journalist. Some years ago I discovered that it was easier to write about myself than any other subject. Less home work was required. I might still write about myself and be happy enough on some paper or other if only I were sufficiently fertile in humorous notions. Editors might be bored, but they were never angry if I wrote about my fish, my child, or even my fingernails. But when something burns inside and that comes out, the situation's very different. Newspapers don't like their men to get mad about things.

I think that journalism has probably grown much more fair than it was twenty or thirty years ago. It seems to me that many papers which are called reactionary were scrupulous in their news treatment of the case of Sacco and Vanzetti. And still I pine for the exciting indignation which is fading away. Newspapers grow bigger and more courteous. Most of them reflect the opinion of no single man, but of a group. When many take counsel moderation may be expected and possibly wisdom, but not much fire. Upon the paper which I know best, important editorial policies depended upon debates in which several men participated. When there was sharp difference of opinion a compromise was inevitable. The view expressed often represented the opinion of no single member, but merely a policy for which all could summon a grudging assent. A composite opinion, like a composite photograph, is apt to be a little vague and misty round the jowls.

In order to pursue the pleasant calling of personal journalism it becomes almost necessary for a writer to be owner and contributor as well. Indeed even this is not an infallible way. Many a proprietor treads softly. The feeling grows that newspapers prosper by carefully refraining from annoying any considerable group of people. "Oh, I don't think the Catholics would like that," is a phrase not unknown in conferences, and the Methodists and the Irish are always with us. It may be that men who have large fortunes tied up in journalistic enterprises know their business, but I am by no means sure of that. I think the harmfulness, from a strictly business point of view, of irritating readers is vastly exaggerated. Subscribers, I believe, are willing to forgive a newspaper for doing almost anything but boring them. In fact I should add my personal testimony that great patience is exercised by the public even toward those who must have been on many occasions tiresome. Unfortunately the rule about avoiding subjects likely to give offense shuts the newspaper commentator off from many of the most interesting themes. Although the churches play a smaller part in the life of the average New Yorker than was the case a generation ago, religion, and also theology, are subjects vitally entertaining to vast numbers of people, but anyone who tries to deal with such things for a daily paper, save in an entirely impersonal way, will soon find that there is panic in the counting house.

And one other explanation I might make to justify desertion of my trade. A newspaper feels that its concern lies almost wholly with the parade which is passing at the moment. It suffers from Lot's inhibition and will not look back. I always did like the wife of that man better. Things do not end when they are done. The liberal Boston *Herald* said when Sacco and Vanzetti were completely dead that the time for all discussion of that case was now over. "The chapter is closed. The die is cast. The arrow has flown."

It is not true. I won't agree. For truth there is no deadline.

And so maybe in my heart I never was a newspaper man at all.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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How "Al" Smith Fared in Mississippi

By HILTON BUTLER

THERE is little political comfort for "Al" Smith in the fact that no man ever fought harder to free himself from a rattlesnake—or even a skunk—than Theodore G. Bilbo, Governor-elect of Mississippi, struggled to rid himself of a charge in the campaign ending August 23 that he was in sympathy with the Presidential ambitions of the New York Governor.

Dennis Murphree, Bilbo's opponent in the second primary, brought the name of "Al" Smith into the race and a roaring answer came to a few questions that politicians have asked with reference to how a Catholic-Wet-Democrat would fare in the South.

In the first primary Bilbo, regaining his strength, swept the whole State and nearly knocked three opponents instead of two out of the ring in the opening round. He gave Mississippi its first landslide thrill since the olden days of the magnificent Vardaman, "the people's choice,"—now a feeble, completely shattered old man pining away in an Alabama hospital. The Smith issue did not break into the first primary. There were sufficient local issues—brick roads, state printing plants, income tax, and pardoning powers. Lined up against Bilbo were Murphree, who became Governor last March when Henry L. Whitfield died from a leg amputation; Mike Conner, a tremendous campaigner and highly capable young man of thirty-four without, it happens, an American Legion button; and Albert Anderson, a weekly newspaper editor and State legislator. Here was the first primary result—before the name of Al Smith had been flung into the race:

BILBO	135,065
MURPHREE	71,836
CONNER	57,402
ANDERSON	23,528

The rest looked so easy for Bilbo that the Jackson *Daily News*, his bitterest newspaper enemy and the biggest daily in the State, admitted that "it looks like Theodore is going to be our next Governor and we might as well make the best of the evil." Bilbo's headquarters claimed that he would win the second primary by 75,000 majority. The Murphree headquarters put in a weak claim for a 10,000 majority over Bilbo, but many of the strongest Murphree adherents admitted freely that they thought Bilbo would be elected with anywhere from 20,000 to 75,000 majority.

Then came the bombshell. Murphree charged that Bilbo had received a letter from the secretary to Governor Smith praising him for his splendid race in the first primary. Murphree went further—and his supporters took heart. He charged that Bilbo was in favor of a Presidential delegation from Mississippi instructed for "Al" Smith. To give strength to these charges, a high Masonic official, George C. Myers, clerk of the State Supreme Court, sent out a letter "To the Master and Secretary of Every Masonic Lodge in Mississippi" charging that Bilbo was in league with Smith's ambitions.

You who know Mississippi know that the word Catholic brings up a vision to the average Mississippian of a dark-faced man, shrouded in black robes, hiding a shiny stiletto; that less than 2 per cent of Mississippi is Catholic. You know further that the State is dry politically, and fairly so personally; and that it has not yet ceased to boast of being the first State in the union to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution. Perhaps you can see very clearly that "Al" Smith represents, in the Mississippian's mind, these two "evils." To be linked with either of them is political death in the State.

Hence Bilbo jumped to his own defense against the Smith charge exactly as I described it—just like a man fighting to free himself from a rattlesnake or a skunk. He denied, counter-charged, and cried against the "eleventh hour canard." His followers saw his mythical 75,000 majority sink out of sight over-night—weighted down to the briny deep with the insignia of Alfred Smith. The anti-Bilbo press went wild. Only a week of second primary campaigning was left when the Smith issue came up and Murphree followers saw their chance. They plastered full page advertisements in the newspapers, distributed Myers' letter over the State and were well started on a romping change of defeat into victory.

Bilbo countered bravely—but the thing that saved him was the fact that 82 per cent of Mississippi voting strength is rural and the Smith charge simply could not penetrate far enough in the given time. The few daily newspapers in the State gave considerable space to the charge—but Bilbo has made it a political gesture in all his campaigning to tell the "metropolitan subsidized press" where to go, much to the delight of the rural elements. His strength has always been with the 82 per cent, gained largely by ridicule and abuse of the urban 18 per cent. In the few days remaining in the second primary campaign Murphree simply could not get the news of Bilbo's alleged apostasy into the rural regions. But an enormous amount of damage was done at that, Bilbo's expected 75,000 majority crumpling to less than 10,000, the second primary vote being:

BILBO	135,783
MURPHREE	126,398

The two Bilbo figures indicate that he almost exactly stood his ground. But his loss was in his failure to make inroads into the Conner vote of 57,000 and the Anderson vote of 23,000. Conner had fought Murphree and Murphree had fought Conner so bitterly that in fighting each other they almost forgot Bilbo. The Bilbo crowd expected to profit by the Conner vote to the tune of no less than 50,000. The Anderson vote was expected to turn almost solidly for Bilbo.

Bilbo's drop in popularity is laid to nothing else than the Murphree coup in charging him with favoring—or even tolerating—"Al" Smith. Murphree's defeat is laid solely to the fact that he didn't have time to get the Smith-Bilbo story to the 82 per cent.

The thing made Bilbo mad. Deeper rumblings of trouble in the State, as a direct result of "Al" Smith, are heard. Bilbo has his heart set upon going to the United States Senate in 1930 when Senator Pat Harrison comes up for re-election. What the Smith rumor did to Bilbo is fresh in his mind, and the blunt question that the Mississippi

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Ku Klux Klan Grand Dragon, Fred E. Wankan of Jackson, asked Senator Harrison a few days ago in an open letter is significant. The Klan requested the Senator to say whether or not he favored a delegation instructed for "Al" Smith for the Democratic nomination for President. Harrison answered that he favored an uninstructed delegation. But the grape-vine telegraph—so commonly used in Mississippi politics—is pushing along the suggestion that perhaps the Mississippi Senator is not wholly unreceptive to the place as Vice-Presidential nominee on the ticket with "Al" Smith. And Governor-elect Bilbo sits back, breathing a little easier now but still hotly, and tells his friends that if Senator Harrison gets mixed up with "Al" Smith, the 1930 Senatorial race will be a simple matter. There will be sufficient time, notes Bilbo, to get the word back to the 82 per cent.

British Women in Politics

By JESSIE STEPHEN

THERE was a time when it was sufficient for man to mutter, "Woman's place is the home" to send every poor female creature who harbored secret thoughts of woman having other useful spheres of influence scurrying to the burrow from which she should never have had the temerity to emerge. To challenge man's supremacy, especially in the field of politics, was regarded as rank treason and simply proved that the poor deluded suffragist had lost every attribute of womanliness. Fortunately times have changed. That is not to say that there do not still remain diehards who regard woman's ever-widening interests as an interference with man's rights, but their number is on the decline.

In Britain this was an attitude of mind which persisted until the beginning of the Great War. Even now British women are not fully enfranchised. While a mere boy twenty-one years of age without ties or property qualifications may cast his vote for Parliamentary candidates, a woman is not allowed to exercise this privilege of democratic citizenship until she is thirty and then only on the basis of a property qualification.

Despite this unfair discrimination women are showing an increasing enthusiasm in the field of politics and have belied all the gloomy prognostications of the politicians who maintained that it was a waste of time to extend the franchise to them. Nowadays every political party is madly scrambling to get the lion's share of the women's vote which is making its influence felt to a considerable degree.

Not only is the proportion of women who use their votes higher than that of men, but greater and greater numbers of women are offering themselves as candidates for the various local governing bodies like the city councils and Poor Law Guardians, not to mention those who are ambitious enough to stand as candidates for Parliament. Already the number of women who have been elected to these local governing bodies runs into thousands while the number of women M.P.'s will be considerably augmented at the next general election.

Those who predicted that women would never make a successful appeal to the electors find themselves all wrong in their calculations. Actually the average of votes cast for the forty-odd women candidates who stood for Parliament in 1924 was not less than 8,000. It is therefore somewhat surprising to find in the United States, where women have had the franchise longer and on more democratic terms, that politics as a career has not made a greater appeal. The idea of lobbying for legislation, which seems to be the commonest method of approach, is out of date and does not frighten the legislators to the same extent that women organized as units in political parties would do.

Of course we have non-partisan groups of women in Britain, but they do not function very effectively. Their influence is so negligible that few politicians would worry at any threats they might make. When even the Conservative Party, which bitterly opposed the granting of votes to women, is politically sagacious enough to enrol nearly a million women in their Women Unionist's Association, this is easy enough to understand. Add to this the fact that both the Labor Party and the Liberals have strong sections of women organized along party lines and it becomes clear why so much progressive legislation affecting women has been passed since 1918, the year when British women were first enfranchised.

Almost the first result was the setting up of maternity and child welfare centers in every town and village throughout the land. Fifty per cent of the funds needed for this work is furnished by the Government and the rest by the local taxpayers. The value of this work is incalculable. I find in my own district, where I served on the Borough Council for six years, that the death rate among babies under the age of twelve months has fallen from 149 per thousand to below 70 since 1920. Not every one of these centers has an pre-natal clinic but a goodly number have, and wherever this work has been attempted it has resulted in a heartening drop in the figures for mortality among mothers in childbirth.

There are few cities which do not possess a dental clinic where mothers and children under the age of five years are attended free of charge. In the case of a mother who is too poor to afford to buy dentures, these are also supplied without charge. Maternity hostels are run so efficiently and cheaply that even middle-class women are using them nowadays rather than the more exclusive and expensive private nursing homes to which they were formerly wont to go.

Many of the more progressive councils have even gone so far as to provide vacation homes for poor overworked mothers. The council on which I served was the first to set up a municipal solarium to which hundreds of children and grown-ups come for the artificial sunlight treatment. In addition they send six tuberculous patients to Leysen in Switzerland for a year to take the treatment. This part of the work has proved most interesting, many of the patients coming back fit to start work again.

None supposes that the present Government in England would have introduced such a radical measure as the Widows' and Orphans' Pensions Act if they had not been well prodded by the Women's Unionist Association who

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had brought this proposal before the party conferences from time to time. Since the women are proving more active campaigners than the men and are prepared to take on more and more of that drudgery, door-to-door canvassing, the candidates and M.P.'s cannot afford to incur the displeasure of their most ardent supporters and workers.

There is not the slightest doubt that the act which gave parents equal guardianship over the children was the product of a united demand made by women of all parties. No party dared to oppose its passage in the House of Commons although there were a few diehards with safe seats who made their ineffectual protest. In the matter of legislation for children British politicians dare not hedge or offer factious opposition such as I observe politicians are offering in the United States. It is either yea or nay. No straddling the fence will be excused. Each time I see a boy selling newspapers in the early hours of the morning as I travel about New York and other big American cities I ask myself how it is possible that American women should allow this disgrace to exist in their midst.

Housing conditions in Britain have been a standing disgrace for many years, but since women came into politics this scandal is being cleared up. Slums are disappearing so swiftly, especially in places like London, that one wonders why these things were not attempted years and years ago. It is true that protests were made constantly prior to the war and some legislative action demanded, but of what avail were the protests since the people who suffered most, the housewives, had no means of making their wishes become realities. The average politician is a coward at the best, and nothing moves him more quickly and effectively than the threat to jeopardize his seat.

The humanization of the poor law has proceeded apace in recent years, due chiefly to the discovery by women members of the various boards of guardians that abuses such as they had never suspected existed in every poor law union in the country. It was a common occurrence at one time for poor harassed widows to be told that they must sell the best part of their furniture before they came seeking poor relief, and even when they had obeyed these orders they were given such inadequate relief as to compel them to enter the competitive labor market and become a real menace to other women so far as reducing wages was concerned. Now, if they have children, they are paid enough to keep them at home. The Widows' and Orphans' Pensions Act has somewhat mitigated the widow's economic distress too.

Food prices have so engaged the attention of women in all parties that a food council, though without other than advisory powers, has been appointed by the present Government and has been instrumental in preventing the worst abuses. Their reports are given so much publicity that no woman, however humble, need be ignorant as to the proper price which should be paid for the articles she buys.

To show even more clearly how political parties must bow to the will of the women, let me quote the experience of the women in the British Labor Party. At four different annual conferences of the women's sections they had passed almost unanimously a resolution calling upon the party to use its influence in the House of Commons to get the Ministry of Health to advise the maternity and child welfare centers that wherever a woman asked for advice on methods of birth control it must be supplied. At the general party conference this was turned down by the men who felt that it might affect their position in the ballot at general elections. This excuse was not good enough for the women members of the party, and in 1926 they made it so clear that this shilly-shallying must cease that the resolution was carried by a large majority. Only the quiet persistence of the women made this victory possible. Incidentally one notices that no woman Parliamentary candidate has ever opposed the motion despite the suggestion that advocacy of the right of any married woman to have this advice would automatically seal her fate at election time.

Harsh clauses which discriminated unfavorably against unfortunate women in the last Contagious Diseases Act which was passed by the British House of Commons were only eliminated when a united protest was made by politically organized women. Therefore, while non-partisan groups may have their uses, half a million women organized as a wing of some political party will get more results and get them more quickly.

Of course there are groups of women who absolutely refuse to agitate for special legislation to improve the general status of women or her working conditions. For instance the demand by large bodies of women in England that night work should be abolished for women is met with the objection that this discriminates unfairly as between men and women. These ultra-feminists then would have women continue working under conditions which are unsuitable merely because men are doing the same. Their influence is so small, however, that no one pays a great deal of attention to them for the simple reason that the majority of them are women who have no experience of factory life at all and therefore are not entitled to speak for vast bodies of women who want such conditions altered.

It seems to me as a friendly outsider that American women should not be content merely to work in campaigns for the particular candidates they favor but should help in some large measure to decide what the policy of the party shall be when it gets to power. Then it will be impossible for Congress to vote a miserly million or so dollars to maternity and child welfare work, a sum not to be available after 1929. This fact in itself shows whether or not the men politicians are taking their women seriously. I should like to see any of the political groups in Britain attempting anything similar. The first to do it would find itself out of a job at the following election.

Silly Marten

By MADEFREY ODHNER

He galloped nightly with the cavalcade
On the brown mare that foaled the filly moon.
Of starry stallions in the long parade
He rode as master—he the iron dragoon
Of ordered squadrons wheeling in the skies.
An ether swifter than sidereal light
Told Silly Marten when a planet dies
And when the grazing stars stampede in fright
Of some gigantic sun. So Marten thought
Who thought that thoughts are true. He had no words.
The words are mine and they are dearly bought,
Since having them, I think that thoughts are curds
In the digestion of an endless error.
His mare threw Marten and he died of terror.

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Oklahoma Goes Rosicrucian

By ALDRICH BLAKE

FOLLOWING the Jack Walton upheaval and impeachment in 1923 and the brief interval of rest which came as the necessary aftermath of those hectic days, Oklahoma's political prophets were busy. And not a single one of them was right.

Oklahoma did not go Klan, as many of them predicted, or anti-Klan, or conservative or progressive or radical, or wet or dry. It did not even get excited about evolution and fundamentalism and modernism, as might have been expected in this tumultous young commonwealth.

Without blare, and hardly conscious of the mighty new forces that were forming, it simply went Rosicrucian. And there it promises to remain, at least until fall, when, according to those who claim to be able to read the political zodiac, another impeachment trial, unparalleled in history on account of the weird and peculiar issues involved, is in the offing.

Not that any of Governor Henry S. Johnston's enemies seek his removal merely because he has adopted this ancient philosophy and religion, originating in India, and which is supposed, according to Webster's dictionary, to enable the believer "to transmute metals, prolong life, know what is passing in distant places, and discover the most hidden things by the application of the Cabala and the science of numbers." Not that the Governor's enemies seek his removal because his confidential secretary, Mrs. O. O. Hammonds, is supposed to be able to send her spirit through space to investigate the character and ability of applicants for public office while her physical body is busy at a desk in the executive office; not because the Governor's principal unofficial adviser, James R. Armstrong, an uncle of Mrs. Hammonds, and an Oklahoma City lawyer of note, is a disciple of Super Akasha Yogi Oussan of Punjab, India, who recently slipped into Oklahoma in all his oriental grandeur as a sort of mystic pope of the quiet sect of Yogi, philosophers and healers, and whose method of "intuned "breathing" is supposed to have brought health and vigor to the failing Mr. Armstrong.

So far as the people of Oklahoma are concerned, the Governor may consult the stars and consort with the spirit to his heart's content, provided only that affairs of state are left to earthly creatures, and are conducted in a halfway efficient manner. It is because the present dictatorship of the spirits seems to be leading to governmental chaos that members of the legislature, who may, under the Oklahoma law, convene themselves in special session, are quietly discussing plans for a mass attack on the Governor's Rosicrucian legions in the next few months. In short, while the people are mildly amused and intensely curious about the Governor's religious views and do not object to the Governor's occult tendencies, as such, they are nevertheless alarmed at what they consider to be a new threat to orderly government. Accustomed heretofore to bloody political combat among mortals, they are naturally aghast at the prospect of a war with spooks and spirits.

In the early days when Governor Johnston was a member of Oklahoma's constitutional convention, he was known as a "good fellow" among his friends. He courageously led the losing fight on behalf of the liquor interests to keep prohibition out of the Constitution. Later he reformed and became a teetotaler, joined the church, and swallowed the Bible whole. The Rosicrucian philosophy, so he claims privately, is merely a higher phase of Christianity toward which all Christians are evolving and which is to be used during the coming Acquarian Age.

As a lecturer for the Masonic order, he became steeped in ritualism and afterwards fell an easy victim to the Ku Klux Klan craze. Of late, the spirits seem to have been unusually diligent in recommending and insisting on Klan appointees, in part, it is suspected, because Mrs. Hammonds, a leader in the Kamelia, and the Governor's constant companion, establishes frequent contact with the Klansmen in the other world.

In his race last year for the Democratic nomination, Governor Johnston was first in a field of seven, receiving barely one-third of the total vote. His election in the fall occurred when 150,000 Democrats, rather than scratch a ticket, stayed home, while many thousands of Klan Republicans were deserting their own nominee. In both campaigns, Johnston appealed secretly to the remnant of the Klan organization and publicly to the churches, for support. Scarcely a Sunday passed when he did not find it convenient to be in some small town where he addressed the Bible class, expounding in mysterious phrases the science of numbers and predicting the millenium in 1936. The good church people, enchanted by the possibilities of the new magic and touched by the sentimental flow of words and endless stream of ritualistic phrases, hustled to the polls to vote for Johnston, Christ, and the Millenium.

It was only after the inauguration and the convening of the legislature that a gentle stir in the political air could be noticed. When one day the Governor delicately suggested that he would like to sign the Crippled Children's Hospital Bill between 11:26 a.m. and 12:30 p.m. because the zodiacal signs were said to be favorable, the newspapers promptly notified the public and books on astrology were soon selling at a premium. The legislature, however, refused to budge and the bill did not reach the Governor's desk until several days later. Thus the lawmakers were successful in their first skirmish with the stars.

But, unfortunately, the Governor did not stop with astrology. Mere heavenly signs and prophesies, it seems, were not sufficient to guide the ship of state safely into port. It was necessary to consult the dead.

For this important task—according to the Governor's erstwhile political managers and friends, now in full retreat before the Rosicrucian gnomes, nymphs, sylphs and salamanders—he enlisted the services of Mrs. Hammonds, by some regarded as a sort of reincarnated Catherine de Medici, by others likened to Mary Queen of Scots, except that Henry's head probably will go on the block instead of hers. At any rate, it is this rather attractive little woman, with her flashing black eyes, quick gait, torrid, coarse conversation, and painfully limited experience, who is supposed to possess what the Rosicrucians call the "sixth sense" and who is indisputably the power of the realm in Oklahoma

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today, exercising what some of the capital scribes say is a "continuous hypnotic spell" over his Excellency, the Governor.

To appreciate the significance of the Rosicrucian "sixth sense" it is best to consult the official Rosicrucian pronouncement. "This extraordinary faculty," according to the Rosicrucians, "compensates for distance in a manner far superior to that of the best telescope and for lack of size to a degree impossible to the most powerful microscope. It penetrates where the X-ray cannot. A wall or a dozen walls are no denser to the spiritual sight than crystal to ordinary vision." Or, as another of the Rosicrucian Fellowship tracts says: "This sense enables its possessor to perceive and investigate the superphysical realms, where those live whom we call dead."

Alas, members of the legislature, victorious in their battle with the stars, found themselves baffled by the strange woman who guarded the executive sanctum. Party leaders soon fled in dismay, balked in their plans by the simple gestures of the mere female they usually found sitting by the Governor's side, and whose soul, they now suspect, was in the habit of flitting through the key hole, perhaps to some distant county to investigate the character of some applicant for public office, returning in the twinkling of an eye to whisper "no" in the Governor's ear. Even the Fundamentalists, bent upon the passage of an anti-evolution law, found themselves in humiliating retreat as a result of the Governor's unexpected announcement that he favored Darwin, or at least the Rosicrucian interpretation of the Darwinian belief.

Exasperated, the Senate passed the Governor's highway bill during an unfavorable sign of the zodiac, refused to confirm his impossible appointees and otherwise defied the Rosicrucian gods. The Governor, meanwhile, seized the highway department, the contractors tied up all contracts by injunction suits, the national government threatened to withdraw federal aid and as a result of the mess not a mile of paved highway has been built in Oklahoma this year except on contracts let in 1926. The House, not to be outdone, held a secret caucus to which the Governor was invited, and where he was politely told his impeachment was imminent unless he surrendered. The House won a fleeting victory, and soon adjourned.

It was at this critical legislative juncture that "Uncle Jimmy" Armstrong and the Yogi priest entered the picture. No one seems to know just what the relationship is between the Yogi philosophy and the Western Wisdom Teaching of the Rosicrucians. But everybody in Oklahoma knows who "Uncle Jimmy" is, and that by virtue of his political acumen (the practical Oklahoma type), the Governor has been temporarily saved and Uncle Jimmy's law practice enormously enhanced—without, it should be added, any sinister reflection upon his ethics as a lawyer. It may be, of course, that Uncle Jim will prevent an explosion in the fall, but the earthly signs do not indicate it. Nearly enough signatures already have been procured to convene the legislature and the dog days of July and August give promise that the political pot, now simmering, will soon boil over.

Public opinion, still confused by the whisperings of those who visit the Governor, and by veiled references in the press about strange happenings at the capital, nevertheless is rapidly reaching the conclusion that regardless of the exact nature of the Governor's beliefs, they make him the dupe of designing plotters who are able to impose upon his credulity and therefore render him incompetent to serve as chief executive. And incompetency is a constitutional ground for impeachment in Oklahoma.

Not the least interesting aspect of the Governor's affairs is his own reaction to the forces which threaten to destroy him. Apparently either indifferent to, or ignorant of, the gathering clouds, he clings to Mrs. Hammonds, boasts of his "achievements," and warns the people against the "interests," which seems to be a word he uses to describe all who oppose him.

Newspaper men who have access to his office report that he will neither affirm nor deny in a clear-cut manner his alleged belief in Rosicrucianism. When the press first began to chide him about his faith in astrology, he gave the rather lame excuse that he wanted to sign the hospital bill at a particular hour to "please a friend." On the other hand, during his campaign for Governor, he often elaborated at length on astrological signs in his Sunday sermons. He admits that he is a vegetarian, and vegetarianism like astrology is a part of the Rosicrucian philosophy. A Fundamentalist, he still insists he believes in evolution, another phase of Rosicrucianism. Before Bible classes he seldom loses an opportunity to expound the mystery of numbers; and the Science of Numbers is a part of the Rosicrucian creed. Even his lifelong and exceedingly intense interest in the Masonic Order is not without significance, for Mystic Masonry is one of the courses taught by the Rosicrucian Fellowship at its school, Mt. Ecclesia, at Oceanside, California. And that Mrs. Hammonds, his chief confidential adviser, through some sort of alleged mystical or occult power, either hypnotizes him or appeals to him as a co-believer, is the conviction of every intelligent observer in the State.

While there are some who look forward to another open season on Governors in Oklahoma with all the zest of a good sportsman, there are others who regret that Oklahoma, after twenty years of Statehood, is still in difficulties. It is, indeed, a bit sad that just after conquering a horde of Dragons, Titans, Goblins, and Cyclops, we people of the great Southwest, where John Cowper Powys recently said he had found much that is finest in American civilization, should be bound and gagged by a swarm of spirits, and compelled once more to battle with the Great Unseen.

Diplomatic Sonnet

By HARRISON DOWD

I'd not attempt to name the moon again;
The moon is like too many things. Take care,
There is a certain circle in the brain:
Madness, to which we frequently compare
The moon. I knew a man who used to make
So many handsome titles for the thing
That he began to stammer and to shake
Like any cuckold at a christening.
At last one night this foolish fellow said,
"The moon is like," and stopped, because he had
Forgotten every name inside his head,
So that he soon went quite completely mad
And sang to nobody, crazy as a loon,
"It's like a moon, exactly like a moon!"

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Is Africa Going White, Black, or Brown?

By WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD

I

AFRICA to be appreciated must be pictured not as just a jumbled collection of unrelated crown colonies and dominions, but rather as a homogeneous continent connected, wanderingly it is true, but nevertheless connected, by railroads, telegraph lines, river boats, and in some parts telephones and automobiles. Fifty years ago Africa was the Dark Continent. Today it is "Brightest Africa"; Africa developing and unfolding; an enormous continent with a magnificent future. Where formerly only a few of the more adventurous hunters, missionaries, and traders penetrated, there now stand fine hotels with electric lights and ice-making plants. Tourist parties ride up to the Victoria Falls in comfortable trains. Under the guidance of agents large parties even go from Capetown to Cairo by a combination of trains, lake boats, motor cars, and river steamers. "Darkest Africa" has gone. In its place has come an entirely new country.

The gold reefs of Johannesburg were discovered about 1886. Sixteen years before Kimberley and its unique diamond-bearing deposits had been brought to the notice of the world. Thus, although South Africa has been settled for a long period and many treks and wars have been made and fought, her real development is only some fifty years old. This youthfulness must be remembered when judging Africa.

Twenty-five years ago native wars ceased through the intervention of the white man. Traders made their appearance everywhere. Ranches were taken up, mines discovered, the railroad from Johannesburg to the Congo was being laid. The Congo was pretty well known in general. East Africa was opening up and the possibilities of the west coast were being intensively prospected.

Today Africa is known. There are localities which have never been mapped in detail and even some which no white man has ever penetrated, but as a whole Africa has yielded up her major mysteries. A compilation and study of the results show some amazing things.

Undoubtedly the most important single event which has taken place in Africa is the cessation of cattle, wife, and slave raiding. While this was prevalent only the most warlike of the tribes were sufficiently powerful to protect herds of cattle and large grain fields. The villages of the smaller tribes had to be mobile. Each village had its gardens of grain, pumpkins, and cassava. But these were hidden away in hard-to-get-at spots. Grain only barely sufficient for the actual needs of the village inhabitants was grown. As a result of this, drought years or years when an extra heavy rainy season brought floods worked havoc through starvation. The native population increased very slowly. The odds against them were almost too heavy.

Now that wars have been stopped all that has changed. Within limits natives graze their flocks and herds where they please. Each village is surrounded with acres and acres of kaffir corn, various small grains similar to millet, melons, tomatoes, pumpkins, cassava or bananas. There is no need for concealment. Herds can increase, no longer are raiding parties imminent nor do the flocks of goats have to be kept down to mobile units which can be rushed off and hidden at a moment's notice. On the high, healthy central African plateau prosperous villages are to be found on an average within ten miles in any direction from any given point.

II

Over this vast continent, which is as large as Europe and North America combined, are distributed approximately 180,000,000 Negroes of many different tribes, sects, and beliefs. There are so-called Christians, Mohammedans, and an almost infinite variety of native beliefs. To control them there are not 5,000,000 whites, 1,000,000 of these being concentrated in South Africa.

This handful of whites have done much in the short time they have roamed over Africa. Starting at Capetown, in Natal, at Walfish Bay, Zanzibar, Egypt, and the mouths of the Congo, Niger, and Senegal rivers, they penetrated Africa from all directions. The slave raiders, ivory hunters, and explorers went first. Many of them were ruthless and cruel. They caught natives and forced them to work without pay. They trapped them wholesale and shipped them off in fast raked-mast vessels as slaves. Elephant hunters of iron determination like Neuman settled among savage tribes and tamed them single handed. Courageous, far-sighted men of the type of Livingstone, Stanley, Moffat, Pasha and MacKenzie traveled over the face of the plateau. The reports which they brought out stimulated interest. Settlers came in. Governments were set up. As a result slave raiding was abolished, settlers could develop farms and ranches, railroads were dreamed of, mines were located, and the real development of Africa was begun.

Among the basic raw materials which are considered essential to our civilization cotton, copper, coal, wool, chrome, gold, sisal, and oil stand near the top in importance. Africa has an abundance of all save oil. Johannesburg alone produces more than three-eighths of the gold of the entire world. In the heart of the Congo copper is mined and smelted. The resulting ingots are shipped out over a long winding railroad to a port in Portuguese East Africa. Here they are lightered aboard a steamer. Yet even with the cost such transportation means, this copper can be landed in New York and sold at a profit for a lower price than domestic copper mined in Montana. As a wool grower Africa is prominent. She is a coal exporter and her interior countries are loaded with this valuable necessity. With New Caledonia she shares the chrome monopoly of the world. Cotton can be grown over vast areas. In Nyasaland a variety is produced which is classed as the best in the world. Sisal, tea, tobacco, fruit, grain, coffee, peanuts, wattle bark, rubber, and sugar are produced in quantities. From the west coast come palm oil, tin, mahogany, piassava, ginger, cocoa, and pepper. From the east come cloves, high-grade coffee, cotton, beeswax, sisal, grain, and bunker coal. From the north are exported dates, cotton, lead, zinc, phosphates, and gum arabic.

Youthful as the country is, railroads are being constructed. One has already reached the Congo. Others are being rushed to completion from either side. In other

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parts the rails are pushing deeper and deeper. They are climbing up to the plateau, carrying with them traders and settlers, modern machinery, and blooded cattle.

Before many years have passed this movement will have been reversed. Instead of pushing up onto the plateau there will be the beginning of a downward deluge. Even today this has started. In Uganda so much cotton is raised and baled that the railroad cannot move it all.

When the day comes on which transportation becomes adequate to the needs of the country, streams of cotton, grain, sugar, meat and coal, copper, zinc, and other materials will pour down off the plateau. The ports will be even busier than they are now. Where today there stand twenty to fifty electric cranes, there will be sixty or perhaps a hundred. The towns will hum and double-track railways will have to be constructed.

No one who studies the climate and geology of Africa can fail to appreciate her enormous economic resources. Africa's position in this respect is second to none. Her available water power alone totals more than a third of the total potential water power of the entire world. Rich in gold, in land, with all types of climate from temperate to tropical, with railroads and motor cars, office buildings and fine hotels, great mines and the beginnings of an export-produce trade, what of the future? To whom will Africa eventually belong when all this wealth is exploited?

Today Africa contains 180,000,000 blacks. It is impossible to estimate how many cattle, goats, sheep, and hogs they own. From observation in the Rhodesias and Portuguese East I would guess that there is at least one domestic animal for each native. Cultivated acres are in about the same proportion. If this is true Africa has about the same number of domestic animals as the United States, 60,000,000 more of population and about half as much cultivated land. But there is one difference. The United States is white. The figures which I have quoted are for the Negroes of Africa.

At present the produce output of the Negroes is only slightly in excess of their requirements. In a good year each village throughout the plateau produces a certain number of goats, sheep, cattle, fowls, eggs, pumpkins, corn, kaffir corn, beans, peanuts, yams, tomatoes, melons, and bananas which are sold. Not every village produces all of these products, but it is the exceptional one which will not have at least nine of them. Not one of these products is the equal in quality of those which a white farmer or rancher will raise. But neither is the price the same. In proportion to quality the produce of the native is the cheaper.

The natives are increasing. Just how fast they are multiplying it is impossible to say, but that they are multiplying is beyond doubt. If the rate of increase merely kept pace with the increase in production of food stuffs all would go well. But it has not to date. The increase in production has been greatly in excess of the increase in population. This will probably continue to be true. What then?

If it were merely a question of grain the problem would be comparatively simple. The native grains would be used locally for mines, etc., and the grain of the whites would be exported. This is true today in a small way. But the native is improving his produce. In southern Rhodesia the government is supplying blooded bulls to raise the standard among native cattle. In Uganda the Negroes have received cotton seed and been instructed how to plant it and collect the cotton. All over Africa the natives working for farmers have stolen or received as gifts seed corn and other seeds of a better grade than their own. In Portuguese East natives raise sugar, cotton, onions, and fruit to sell as well as grain.

This higher standard will probably mean competition for the white man. Undoubtedly as the native increases and produces more and more produce this produce will gradually become better and better. A certain quantity will find its way into markets formerly opened only to white produce. For this produce the native receives money or the equivalent of money. It is here that the danger lies.

The whites in Africa are dependent on the blacks for labor. In the majority of countries where whites rule a hut tax varying from five to ten shillings a year has been imposed on all male natives. While this produces revenue, the idea is to force the native to work. The tax must be paid in cash, not kind. It was thought that by imposing a cash tax the native would have to work.

But if he can sell grain, live stock, cotton, tobacco, sugar or some other product, the native will not have to work, at least for a white man. Further he will tend to become fianancially independent of the whites or at least indifferent. Natives today can be found working as farm laborers, in railroad gangs, as miners and as cattle herders. But there are a great number working as brick layers, storekeepers, stenographers, farm foremen, cooks, carpenters, gardeners, locomotive firemen, police, court interpreters, and nurses. These are far from unintelligent. Indeed it is my belief, after handling well over a thousand natives from a dozen different tribes, that the average native African is as intelligent as the *average* white man. He has not the knowledge the white man has nor has he the background. But he is decidedly intelligent.

In British East Africa and Uganda native labor is already becoming difficult to obtain. The Negroes there are becoming independent of work as a means of securing cash for their hut taxes. The raising of profitable crops such as cotton or tobacco and the ready sale they obtain for fowls, eggs, and other produce account for this.

III

There is another factor which enters into the competition, present and future, between blacks and whites, and that is the missions. Missions can be divided into three classes: industrial, medical, and religious. For the first two I have a great deal of respect. They are really helping the Negro. For the religious missions I have no respect whatever nor can I see that they help the Negro in any way.

At an industrial mission Negroes learn to make bricks, to build a wall, saw, carpenter, garden, wash, cook, and to become nurse boys. Such occupations or trades enable the Negroes to earn more money than they would as general laborers. They have easier hours and are not subject to the rigorous attentions of the capitao or native foreman. With their money they can have more clothes, beads, wives, food, or cattle than their associates and consequently go up in the world a step. At industrial missions the Negroes also learn to read and write both their own language and English. They learn to figure a bit and they come to understand the use and advantages of some of the white man's tools and implements. In all ways they progress and, what is more, they keep their self-respect.

The medical missions do much to alleviate pain and stop possible epidemics. They are in intimate touch with the medical side of native life and are in a position to be

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of great value to both whites and blacks and also to the government.

But the religious missions! They tear down the belief of centuries and build nothing in its place. They condemn many native customs and practices. Where possible they forbid them. The result of this is that religious missions break down the homogeneity of a tribe, they confuse and bewilder and instead of being constructive are utterly destructive. A religious mission-trained native is one to avoid. In the compound they are fomenters of trouble. They are whiners, men who have lost their self-respect. In contrast to the upstanding courageous kraal native, or the native who has a trade, a religious native is an abomination, a total loss, a washout. More often than not he is a thief and braggart, shiftless and lazy.

Once I was camped in the village of N'kala in the Kafue River district of Northern Rhodesia. While I was there a missionary came to preach. He preached to a large gathering in the native language which I understood. I listened dumbfounded to a recitation, with embellishments, of how God regarded the whites and blacks as equals both on earth and in Heaven, of how the Negroes when they died would fly to Heaven and sit at ease in golden chairs mingling on a basis of equality with whites.

I have the greatest respect for Negroes. I like them personally and collectively. One or two of my old hunters and nurse boys I love as much as I ever loved any white man. But I recognize that the Negro *in Africa* occupies at present a very distinct place. And most certainly that place is not a place of equality on earth with the white man. I do not know about Heaven. But I do know that I have *never* seen a missionary eating with an African Negro, sleeping or bathing with one, or doing anything except order him around most imperiously. I have, however, seen missionaries kick Negroes, beat them with bullock straps, and hammer them with canes. Once I saw one force a balky Negro to chew up a mouthful of dry quinine and epsom salts.

But to go on with the story. After the sermon was over I invited the preaching missionary over for some tea under my wagon. I had not seen a white man for two months and wanted to talk. We had been sitting for ten minutes or so when N'kala came over. He is an old man and very dignified. After the proper greetings he squatted down ten feet away and began a conversation.

"N'kos," he addressed me, "I wish to ask the Bwana a question."

One must be familiar with Africa to appreciate N'kala's choice of language. N'kos means chief. Bwana is the term used for any white man. By addressing me as N'kos he was showing respect. But what did he intend when he referred to the missionary as Bwana and, further, why should he have asked me to ask the Bwana a question when he knew perfectly well that the Bwana could speak and understand his language as well if not better than I?

"Yes, N'kala," I answered him, "what is your question?"

"N'kos," he began, "I would ask the Bwana this: When he spoke to us the Bwana told us that we were the equal of the white Bwanas. He said that when we died we would go to the same place that white Bwanas go. The Bwana told us that his God had told him this. Will the Bwana then tell me why his God did not tell me that? Why was it necessary for his God to tell the Bwana to tell me that I am his equal?"

I passed that on to the missionary without adding any embellishments of my own. When he understood what the question was he poured forth a line of eloquence I have never heard equalled. What the point of it all was I never quite understood. He piled up quotation on quotation from the Bible and talked at length about Christ and his teachings, but he did not answer N'kala's question. He could not because there is no answer.

When he finally subsided N'kala, who had been listening intently, turned to me and said: "N'kos, please tell the Bwana that what he says may be true." He got up, then shrugging his shoulders, continued: "It is a pretty story. But it is a story for children. We old men . . ." He walked away very dignified and erect, his dirty skin blanket flapping around his skinny legs.

The results of missionary teaching are these: A native told that he is the equal of the white man leaves his village and goes out to work. If he balks at any particular job he is either fined, dismissed, or given a hiding, most probably the latter. He finds out that even though in spirit he may be the equal of the white man practically he is not. The result is that missionaries in particular and white men in general go down several notches in the natives' estimation.

Industrial and medical missions tend to raise this estimation again. But the general opinion among natives is that all white men are mad. From the evidence which natives see, who is to say that they are so far wrong?

IV

A phenomenally rich country is Africa, a young country but yet an old country. A continent with a population already large, yet increasing steadily; a population black as to skin, but composed of men and women who are as a whole very courteous, kind, understanding, hard-working and intelligent. They are backward and primitive, they wear few clothes, but their chiefs and leaders are men of wisdom and wealth. The tropical climate suits them, they are indigenous.

Ruling this country and competing against the herds and flocks of the natives, their grain and produce, their increase and labor, stand a handful of whites.

What will be the outcome? Will the whites surrender their large concessions in response to demands for land by the natives? Or will they try to segregate the blacks and hold them in reservations? Can they do that? The whites have developed cotton, rubber, and cocoa plantations; mines, railways, and irrigation projects in which huge sums of money have been invested. Will they surrender these? Will whites allow natives a voice in government and thus afford them an entering wedge?

I cannot answer any of these questions. I feel that there are three possibilities: first, that Africa will *eventually* be a black country; second, that the whites will wipe out the blacks; third, that whites and blacks will interbreed and produce a new brown race which will control the wealth of Africa. I believe in the inevitable eventuality of a black Africa. I am not sure but that I would like to see it. The whites, after all is said and done, have not progressed so far beyond the Negroes in the one commodity of life which means much—happiness. In this, in spite of our telephones, subways, electricity, etc., the natives of Africa far excel the vaunted civilized white men. And is not happiness the ultimate aim of our own existence whether we be white, yellow, brown, or black?

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Press Comment on the Sacco-Vanzetti Execution

TO the everlasting credit of their editors, the newspapers that we quote below maintained steadfastly that grave doubts concerning the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti existed—grave doubts that would not down. The execution, as the following editorials of the morning after reflect, served only to intensify the fear of many that possibly an irrevocable mistake had been made.

Waterbury (Connecticut) Republican

Millions of people all over the world believe that two innocent men have been legally murdered, and there is at least a fair possibility that they are right. Millions of others who have no decided opinions as to the guilt of the men, regret their execution after seven years of imprisonment as an unfortunate misuse of the death penalty. Only a very small proportion of intelligent people, it is safe to say, heartily approves the outcome of this case. . . . The majesty of the law is upheld when it proves itself inflexible against the winds of passion and prejudice, but not when it proves itself impregnable to the criticism of the public conscience. The law waxes in power when it withstands the shouting of the mob, but it wanes in authority when it will not heed the sober reasoning of good and wise men everywhere. The damage has been done, and the State of Massachusetts and the United States will not soon recover from it.

Waterbury (Connecticut) American

The indisputable fact is that suspicion exists, and not only among radicals but among thousands of thoughtful conservatives as well. Surely it cannot be considered insidious or irresponsible levity to maintain that a recurrence of such doubt and suspicion ought to be prevented if possible by a revision of criminal practice in the courts of Massachusetts, calculated to anticipate the objections and delays which have made of the Sacco-Vanzetti case an international scandal.

St. Louis Post Dispatch

Recalling the martyrdom of Socrates, John Huss, Joan of Arc, Savonarola, Giordano Bruno, and John Brown, the *Post Dispatch* adds the names of Sacco and Vanzetti to the impressive list of those who have died to live again in the imagination of millions:

Like many of these others, Sacco and Vanzetti were of the lowly of this earth. We do not know if they were guilty or not. They did not die like it. Neither does Massachusetts know. If she had, she would not have waited seven years to kill them.

We do, however, know that they long ago entered that great domain of human psychology in which time at last evaluates all things truly, making the calendar of intolerance and injustice complete from 399 B. C. to 1927 A. D.

New York World

It is with a sick feeling indeed that one realizes that Sacco and Vanzetti have at last been executed. One's passionate desire is to have faith in the American scheme of things, to be convinced that by the irrevocable step we took last night, we are the authors of a just punishment and not a ghastly fiasco. In a groping toward that faith one finds all the arguments one can: one reviews the evidence, and tries to see it as conclusive; one reflects that justice should not be subservient to popular clamor; one tries to believe that after all this investigation we must somehow have got the right men. Yet, try as one will, one cannot escape a haunting doubt that here we may have witnessed a great miscarriage of justice.

Baltimore Sun

Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti went to their execution with dignity; unafraid. There was nothing in the manner of their death to shake the belief of many persons that they were innocent of the crime for expiation of which their lives are taken. Humble in calling and alien in thought were these two men. Yet in the seven years and more of their imprisonment, in the quiet courage with which they faced an end unmitigated by religious faith, they proved themselves of sturdy mold. . . .

Over common sense, reason and mental honesty prevails the widely held conviction that in this case Massachusetts has blundered terribly. The world-wide cry of protest is based on something more substantial than sentiment or propaganda. It is in large part the voice of a humanity which, whatever its country, is deeply stirred by any seeming trespass on the high cause of simple justice.

Pittsburgh Press

There lies before the people of America the duty of seeing that never again shall such an exhibition of judicial ineptitude mark the course of American justice. . . . Seemingly these two accused men have had the benefit of every legal protection. There have been writs of every kind, petitions, motions and appeals and every move has been met, so it appeared, by a readiness of the courts to listen.

Yet the fact has been this: So far as the courts were concerned, the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti has rested from the very day that Judge Thayer pronounced sentence on them, solely in Judge Thayer's hands. There never has been a time that any other or higher court could intervene in their behalf unless Judge Thayer was prepared to admit formally that he had erred. Understand what that means. Unless Judge Thayer could bring himself to say that he, through personal prejudice, had caused these men to receive unfair treatment in court, no court in the land had the power to step in and set his judgment aside. . . .

The work now to be done is to bring about a careful, calm, impartial inquiry into the Massachusetts judicial system. Good can be wrought out of this present mistake—for we cannot recede from our conviction that this execution was a tragic mistake—if through this mistake the courts of justice in America can be protected against such mistakes in the future.

Toronto Mail and Empire

That millions of Americans will be shocked at the news that Sacco and Vanzetti have actually been put to death is the one unanswerable comment upon the tragic business in Massachusetts. A month ago it seemed incredible that the supreme penalty would be inflicted upon them. It seemed almost impossible that the three distinguished citizens whom Governor Fuller appointed to assist him in reviewing the case would arise from that task with their minds purged of doubt.

But that he did make mistakes in the course of his handling of the case is not to be denied. He made a cardinal error in the personnel of his commission, which should not have been composed wholly of members of the class against which Sacco and Vanzetti and their like had carried on their puny warfare. The committee itself stands convicted of at least one grave mistake in assuming that a certain cap found near the scene of the crime had been identified as belonging to Sacco. There was no identification. On this point at least the committee showed a misconception of the evidence submitted. Other evidence was ignored, particularly the notes, only recently available, of the Pinkerton operatives who had investigated the crime almost im-

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mediately after its commission, and which are strongly favorable to the accused men. But as we have said, the whole case from beginning to end deals almost exclusively with probabilities.

NEW YORK TIMES

There remains visible a body of intelligent and disinterested opinion which became stirred by the Sacco-Vanzetti case purely out of an unselfish fear that a wrong might have been done, that men accused of murder might not have had every opportunity to establish their innocence, and that there was danger lest American criminal procedure should have a stain affixed to it in the eyes of the whole world. Say, if you please, that all this was founded upon a mistake, and was too much of the nature of mere sentiment. But, in any case, it was a creditable and noble sentiment.

MILWAUKEE LEADER

Perhaps we shall never know whether or not these men had any connection with the payroll holdup, but we know that witnesses swore that they were elsewhere, and that these same witnesses, like honest men, recently demanded that they be put on trial for perjury so that they could prove that they told the truth. We know also that even the Governor's committee stated that the trial judge was guilty of a "grave breach of official decorum," which is enough in itself to invalidate the trial in the eyes of fair-minded men. And we know that they had to make their motion for a new trial before the same judge, and had only his decision to appeal from to the higher courts. This judicial procedure is incredibly unjust. In the face of such a travesty, the men must be presumed to have been innocent.

Let there be no reprisals in kind. The working class must prove itself higher and better and nobler than the ruling class. But let this terrible injustice increase the determination of the workers of the world to change this hate-producing social system into a brotherly one.

BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

Controversy over this case will not soon die out. It will continue to be clouded and exacerbated by extravagances of statement on both sides. There will never be agreement unless new facts affecting the guilt or innocence of the dead are discovered and proclaimed. But it would be well if agreement could be brought about regarding the need for reform in the judicial procedure of Massachusetts in cases of capital crime. . . . There has been no review of the evidence in this case by the Massachusetts Supreme Court. That court was concerned only with the legal power of Judge Thayer to rule as he did. Moreover, it was made possible for Judge Thayer to be the arbiter in proceedings challenging his own impartiality —a judge sitting in judgment upon himself. These facts affecting the judicial system of Massachusetts have provoked widespread criticism from men who speak with authority on judicial processes.

NEW YORK TELEGRAM

We may pass by the frantic threats of anarchists and communists. We may ignore their efforts to terrorize officials of the law. We may pay no heed to their foolish charges that capitalism was back of an effort to kill these men, guilty or innocent. For we do not sympathize with their views concerning government and law.

But we do have great respect for the decent opinion of mankind, and while we had no strong conviction as to the guilt or innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti, the *Telegram*, in the interest of justice, strongly favored a new and fair trial to the end that mankind might form an intelligent opinion based on a full and impartial presentation of the facts.

"Have Faith in Massachusetts"?

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Neither Sense Nor Pity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to pay my tribute to John Dos Passos for his magnificent letter to President Lowell published in *The Nation* of August 24. Again we see the wonderful wisdom in Death which will continue to remove the old.

And again we see it is not the proletariat who brings on bloody revolutions but the oppressing class that never has either sense or pity. Either quality would have prevented the Sacco-Vanzetti executions. There was world doubt as to their guilt, and this doubt I as a lawyer of nearly forty years practice share, but in any case seven years has gone by—the men have suffered much. Society would not be benefited by killing them, but now they have been made martyrs.

I share John Dos Passos's view of the stupidity of the Lowell report and a certain class callousness in it, and I think Governor Fuller has been more vindictive than law itself, and more stupid than a politician ought to be.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

Los Gatos, California, August 22

Those Maddening Pacifists

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that the burnings in Boston are over and the real trying of the Sacco-Vanzetti case but fairly begun, I am not sure but that the most penetrating word that has yet been spoken is that of the "professor in a Southern university" who writes in your issue of August 24 of his fear that the execution will cause honest Americans "seriously to doubt the possibility of justice from our government under its present organization." It is amazing that the reactionaries have not been able to perceive that here, at a single stroke, they have done more to further the cause of radicalism in the United States than everything that either real or fancied Red propaganda has been able to achieve in ten years. In sheer desperation, if not otherwise, hundreds of Americans must now drive into the radical camp. Of Sacco and Vanzetti, as of others, history will record that they accomplished more for their faith by dying for it than they could possibly have secured through continued life.

Personally I cannot claim to share, in any definite way, many of the specific beliefs, such as they were, of Sacco and Vanzetti. But the pacifism of the two men is exceedingly suggestive in its bearing on the larger outlines of the case. It was fitting and proper that these who refused to slay should themselves be slain—slain under the monstrous and horrible pretense that they themselves were slayers. Among all the beliefs which those of us who are liberals share in common, none gives greater offense to our rulers than our spineless, recreant pacifism. They may forgive us for everything else: they will never forgive us for refusing to believe that it is the human creature's happy privilege to slay for his ideals! Here again, it seems to me, is a lovely example of the blindness of the reactionaries. Let them thank God that the liberals of the world *are* pacifists! It will be a sad day for them if they ever succeed in converting us to their ghastly faith. Gentle, tolerant human beings have marked the cross of blood on their oppres-

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sors before this: they may be driven to do so again. If liberalism is ever forced into the shambles again, it is hard to say who will be slain, but one may be very confident that it will not be helpless conscripted men of other nations, with whom we have no quarrel. God save us all from such a reckoning! And God give cowards and bigots the grace to see that they are even now doing their very utmost to bring mankind to such an imbroglio!

Seattle, Washington, August 25 EDWARD WAGENKNECHT

From a Native of the State

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a native of Massachusetts I wish to extend to you my sincere thanks, and assure you of deep feelings of gratitude because of your masterful article, Massachusetts the Murderer.

And the sound principle of building better without destroying the good we now have, of eliminating the undesirable by education rather than by violence—this will meet with the approval of all well-meaning people. And most people are well-meaning; they only need to be shown the way. And I wonder if one good way is not by learning to think for ourselves as we read and listen, and not too readily accept as proper the actions and statements of some of the officials elected to maintain justice?

CHAS. L. HAMBLIN

Marstons Mills, Massachusetts, August 29

Poets' Last Chance

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please permit us to compliment you on your stirring editorials on the crucifixion of Sacco and Vanzetti; and to issue through your columns a last-minute call to poets to contribute to the anthology of poems of protest against the murder of these two martyrs which we plan to publish in book form this October. We shall issue it as a tribute to the enduring memory of these heroes and as a contribution toward making impossible the repetition of such an offense against civilization as their frame-up. Dr. John Haynes Holmes has kindly consented to write the introduction; and many leading poets have contributed —assuring a dignified memorial.

RALPH CHEYNEY,
LUCIA TRENT,
Publishers of *Contemporary Verse*

P. O. Box 46, New Haven, Connecticut, August 28

The Los Angeles *Times*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Readers of *The Nation* need no enlightenment as to the reactionary caliber of the Los Angeles *Times*. I doubt, however, if one can fully sense the social menace of such a newspaper until one has been forced to depend upon it for one's immediate news source during the progress of such an important story as that of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, as has chanced to be my misfortune for several weeks. During that time every press service and special story to the *Times* dealing with the Sacco-Vanzetti case has been so edited as to exclude the name of almost every person of note who has been enlisted in behalf of the two victims of Massachusetts justice, whether American or foreign. In editorials, news and feature articles, and through the skilful manipulation of headlines, the distinct impression was created that only Reds were offering any opposition to the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

The *Times* carries each day a prominently displayed column called "The Lancer," written by Harry Carr. Something of the quality of his thinking and something of the manner in which the *Times* indulges in misrepresentation may be gathered from the following, which I quote from Mr. Carr's column in today's *Times:*

> Executions of murderers usually hold a melancholy but negative value for the public. The execution of Sacco and Vanzetti has been of sad but positive value. It has brought into the revealing light an amazing number of vicious fools who have been, until now, secret enemies of the United States. As usual, the outcry over this murder case comes from three classes of people—parlor Socialists of the Greenwich Village variety, who are seeking cheap excitement; dangerous Reds, who are against everybody on the general principles of a mad dog; and small-bore writers. All of these vermin would be making trouble about something else if Sacco and Vanzetti had never existed.

During the same period the *Times* has continued its campaign of vilification and misrepresentation against the Bureau of Power and Light of the city of Los Angeles, representing one of the most successful public ownership enterprises in America. The explanation lies in the fact that the ownership of the *Times* is heavily interested financially in the Southern California Edison Company, the private competitor of the Bureau of Power and Light. The municipal group has no newspaper through which to reach the taxpayers in order to offset the campaign of the *Times*, and is forced to resort to circularization by mail.

Los Angeles, August 26 GUY EMERY SHIPLER
Editor, the (New York) *Churchman*

As Seen from the South

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am doubtful about human progress being helped along by the case of Sacco and Vanzetti. The groups which forced and conducted the trials and convictions of Socrates and Jesus Christ, for instance, were at least honest and direct in their accusations. Now, from the evidence available, it seems that the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti is secured on the basis of prejudices obviously existing but concealed under the charge of murder. This looks worse to me than a mere miscarriage of justice, without any particular prejudice causing it as sometimes happens in our courts; instead of any sign of progress, I see here a clear case of degeneracy. In all history I do not know of any apparently worse cases of outraged justice under the cloak of clear, impartial justice. Heretofore you might be burned at the stake or have your bones broken on the wheel for being a heretic; but usually, if my history is right, you were charged with being a heretic if you were put to death for being one; or at any rate those who put your lights out tried to keep up no illusions as to the nature of their government. I would much prefer to live under the sway of a Machiavellian prince, who would at least be enlightened, and honest if possible—but always enlightened in his dishonesty or cruelty—than to live under a government which is so unskilful in its hypocrisy, or criminally dull.

Raleigh, N. C., August 16 A. Z.

Modern Saints

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am pasting the portraits of Sacco and Vanzetti in an illustrated Bible I possess, so that others looking at it may count them among the saints who have enriched life with their Christ-like utterances.

And that Bishop of the Church of the Prince of Peace who was in the "four-to-one" group to congratulate Fuller upon his act of loving kindness and righteousness, was it not of him that Anatole France wrote when he described Judas as being the first Bishop of the Church but not the last to betray Christ?

New York, August 25 I. GEORGE DOBSEVAGE

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In the Driftway

FROM the moment the Drifter and his cowboy friend entered a restaurant in the small Western town he was exploring, he had been interested in a man at the next table. Six and a half feet of raw-boned lankiness was slung over an inadequate chair. A tall narrow head, with a tight ring of sweat around it to show where a hat had rested; a leather-colored face; hair a gray yellow, parted in the middle; eyes small but twinkling, set in the wrinkles that come from living out of doors in a sunny country. He wore an ordinary suit, but his trouser legs were stuffed into high-heeled cowboy boots and a ten gallon hat hung on a peg above his head. To the Drifter at least he typified the Old West and he was making the best of an opportunity to study at close range a passing phenomenon when his friend's voice broke in upon him. "See that old desperado over there?" He indicated the man with the tall head, and went on. "That's old Bill Cory. A slick one if there ever was one. He came from Texas, but he landed in this valley in the early days. They say he was run out of Utah and Colorado and I don't know where else before he settled down here." He lowered his voice. "Do you remember that big train robbery that Geraghty pulled on the Great Northern years ago? Well, Bill Cory never tells nothin' on himself, but he did say one day that Geraghty rode his (Bill's) white horse that night.

* * * * *

WELL, as I was saying, he came here years ago. He didn't have a cent when he got here, but in three years he had 500 head of cattle—and he never bought a cow in his life. You see, it was this way. The biggest cattle outfit in the country in the old days had a brand like this. . . ." He drew on the tablecloth a bar and the number three (— 3). "Well, Bill's brand was a cross and the number eight (+ 8). See how he got 500 head of cattle? But he never stole from his friends.

* * * * *

HE still lives over on Raft River. He's got a little shack down in the willows. You can't see it until you're right onto it. One night on the way home from a roundup I tied my horse and sneaked up to the door and opened it by surprise. Say, he had me covered before you could say Jack Robinson. He laughed when he saw who it was, but he said, 'You'd better not do that again. This might go off accidentally, before I knew it was you.' He always carries a gun. He's got one right now under his left arm inside his coat, where it's easy to reach. Come on over, I'll introduce you." The man from Texas rose to his lean height and the most genial of smiles lighted his brown face, as he extended an enormous hand. "Stranger here? . . . Yes, I've been here a good while now. But it ain't like it used to be. There's nothin' here now but dry farmers and their damn fences. An' you can buy a cow and calf for $15!"

* * * * *

THE old West is passing. There is no place for Bill Cory in a generation of law and order. But the Drifter cannot help regretting the breezy virtues and the large-handed sinning of the frontier.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Rock Dusting in Mines

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 22 appears a review by Powers Hapgood of a book on "The Rock Dust Remedy" written by Harry Phythyon, a Pennsylvania mine inspector. Mr. Hapgood holds Mr. Phythyon up to praise for "having the courage" to stand as "one against a thousand" in his opposition to rock-dusting bituminous mines as a means of preventing mine disasters due to coal-dust explosions.

Mr. Hapgood would have it appear that the rock-dust remedy for coal dust explosions was "a mistaken theory" which the United States Department of Mines is trying "in a brilliant advertising campaign" to "put over" on the public.

As a matter of fact, the rock-dust preventive of coal-dust explosions is not a mere "theory" but a demonstrable fact. This discovery of modern engineering science has been reinforced by ample and convincing practical experience in both American and British mines. Also as a matter of fact, which Mr. Hapgood could easily have ascertained, the nation-wide campaign for state legislation to require coal companies to safeguard the mines against coal-dust explosions by the use of rock dust was initiated five years ago—and is being continued with encouraging results by the American Association for Labor Legislation.

When this association in December, 1922, opened its present campaign against needless coal-mine accidents it pointed out that about 15 per cent of the fatalities in bituminous mines were caused by coal-mine explosions; that coal-dust entered into practically all "major" explosions, and that for this class of accidents there is a simple, inexpensive, and effective remedy —rock dusting. The effectiveness of rock dusting had been demonstrated by engineers of the Bureau of Mines, but this scientific information had been buried in government reports.

Six States have already enacted provisions for rock dusting. Indiana's new rock-dusting law, adopted this year, is based on the "Standard Bill" prepared as an aid to uniform State legislation. This bill embodies the "standard practices" recommendation of the American Engineering Standards Committee. These recommended standards for applying the rock-dust safeguard in the mines were thus formulated after the most painstaking consideration by representatives of the following organizations: American Institute of Electrical Engineers, American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, American Mining Congress, Associated Companies, National Safety Council, United States Bureau of Mines, and United States Department of Labor.

Already hundreds of lives have been saved by rock dust in American mines. Seven hundred miners owe their lives to this safety device in the most recent coal-mine explosions in Pennsylvania. A similarly spectacular saving of human lives occurred in the New Orient mine at West Frankfort, Illinois, in January, 1926.

Foreign experience is also impressive, and this, too, is ignored by Mr. Hapgood. In Great Britain rock dusting has been required by law since January 1, 1921, and it has successfully eliminated disasters due to coal-dust explosions. For the past ten years rock dusting has been required in the gassy and dusty coal mines in France, and no explosion disasters have occurred in the French mines during this period. After a quarter century of requiring water sprinkling as a safeguard against coal-dust explosions, Germany has now completely abandoned sprinkling and adopted the modern and effective remedy of rock dusting. Germany's new law, which is the result of long study and careful tests by the mining authorities and coal operators, thus recognizes the superiority of rock dusting over watering as a means of explosion prevention.

New York, August 15 JOHN B. ANDREWS,
Secretary, American Association for Labor Legislation.

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Books and Music

Legend of the Brazier Man

By PIERRE LOVING

He touched the flesh once of a newborn
Child: deviltry mocked his wandered blood,
And when his hand had cooled at last he stood
As one bewildered, fawn-eyed, sucking grass
As though the splashed green blade—but he, alas,
By this had stumbled through a mile of absent corn.

He stumbled through pale thickets of his days. His hand
grew thin
And what it was possessed
It to turn palimpsest
He never knew until it moaned, began to flicker,
Flanged up, proclaimed itself a brazier Spring
Had kindled leaves with in old times. His blood poured
quicker
Now whenever at her increment
The green year, between her flowers and stars and
ministering,
Like a running girl half-spent,
Would let him kiss her hair or bind her latchet.

Out of a cloud dropped weather of strange music. "Wind-
hover,
Windhover, snare me in your flight design. To match it,"
He cried, "swiftbird and gull and plover,

You must consider speed's not wing
At all, wing clatter is not beauty." Spring's over,
Yet he is on his knees to Spring.

Voyaging on the Unconscious

Blue Voyage. By Conrad Aiken. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE new fiction like the new poetry has been attacked and championed chiefly on the basis of its form. In their anxiety to prove that its novel technique was or wasn't a rational medium, few critics have considered asking it more pertinent questions, and thus it has escaped a perilous accounting by the ordinary standards of fiction. It is time that attention is shifted, as it eventually must be, beyond this initial stage. For though in the mixed multitude that followed and preceded Joyce there were many who used the modernist motley to hide their nakedness, the outstanding figures are all able artists who have deliberately chosen the cut and color scheme because it suited their purpose. They have modern psychology and the recorded evolution of literary form overwhelmingly on their side, and instead of doubting the validity of their instrument there are more reasons for inquiring: Why, with all this specially invented machinery, have they so signally failed in their peculiar purpose? This does not reflect upon the form. Its advantages are obvious, and any athletic mind can accustom itself to it as readily as to the various literary conventions which habit has naturalized. And if to a devotee of Addisonian prose "Ulysses" seem like the product of a linotyper in the last stages of delirium tremens, think of what a jungle Addison is besides the simple declarative of the Bible. Even the crude asides of a melodrama villain is an attempt to render, on a double plane, complexities of mind unintelligible because unconscious in primitive literature. But granting the necessity of an amphibian form to track the amphibian modern mind to its sub-conscious recesses, the question still remains: why, with all its profound soundings and patient dragging of the unconscious, has it failed to bring up monsters out of the deep? Not mere data concerning them, however detailed, nor recollected nightmares, but creditable tangible beings such as swim about in the pages of Dostoevsky, Hardy, and Wasserman, caught with the hook, line, and sinker of ordinary narration.

In his first novel, which is in many respects the most successful exploitation of the new method, Conrad Aiken rephrases the same situation. If he breaks through the procreative impotence of some of his fellow craftsmen and comes nearer to achieving individuals, it is because he stops his "stream of consciousness" long enough to incorporate in it passages of thinly disguised description. All of which seems to point to the fact that swimming the "stream of consciousness' is as yet in the nature of an aesthetic stunt, and not thoroughly dependable for all the purposes of fiction. A terribly wasteful feature of it is that the chief protagonist and owner of the stream of consciousness on which the work is built is so psychologically eviscerated in the process of extracting it from him as to be unrecognizable. William Demarest, the hero of Aiken's novel, is a young writer voyaging to England in the hope of meeting his Belle Dame sans Merci, a snobbish Englishwoman of quality aptly called Cynthia, who floats unattainably in his fancies like the moon over a love-sick tom-cat. On the trip, those of his fellow passengers who impinge on his consciousness are made to live for us—some of them unforgettably. But of William Demarest himself we know very little. Or perhaps too much. At least all that he pours forth about himself fails to coagulate into an individual. It may be argued that—thanks to psychoanalysis—we know too much about individuality to think it individual; that the contents of the unconscious, which the line of individuality follows, reveals itself under analysis as monotonously the same within certain limited classifications. Perhaps—but there is also the possibility that our eyes are not yet accustomed enough to the new psychological landscape to see its peculiarities.

Mr. Aiken's style in "Blue Voyage" is opportunistic. It switches from free association to methodical self-analysis according to the exigencies of the occasion; and sometimes clue and solution follow each other rather more obviously and more inevitably than either science or art would justify. As such it is less consistent but more readable than Joyce. Some day, when the symbolic language of the unconscious has been sufficiently assimilated into our consciousness, we will be able to employ it freely in literature. After all, everyday speech itself is nothing but a collection of worn-out symbols. In the unconscious we have a ready mint where the defaced coinage of modern speech can be perpetually restored to meaningfulness. Therein lies the literary value of such a test trip as "Blue Voyage."

ALTER BRODY

Acknowledge the Wonder

Mornings in Mexico. By D. H. Lawrence. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. LAWRENCE continues to shoot skyrockets over Indian villages. In the quick-shot glow and long glimmer of sparks, he sees distorted shadows, whirling jade knives, plumed serpents, throbbing terrors, and now and then a clear-etched glimpse carving out the pulsating core of an alien people. But, in general, he pictures shining leprosy on a background of darkness. He holds up a warped plank full of holes where bent soul-nails have driven out other nails—*come d'asse si trae chiodo con chiodo.* Remarkable poetry, the sweeping dance and turn of prose attuned to elemental tides—but he hushes reality better to hear his own celestial symphony. He makes a shrouded ghost out of a healthy brown-skinned animal, and then, like a fever-stricken Lady Macbeth, washes out the blood-

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stains in a phantasmagoric record of fretful fear and hate, grim inquisitional geniality, fire-lit with dreams that burn luridly over the ramparts of his sick but ambitious soul. I speak of "The Plumed Serpent" as much as of the present slender volume of eight cactus-thorn essays.

Unfortunately the record, in both the volumes named, is not so stark as the foregoing would suggest; to achieve intense apperception of the dithyrambic communal quality of Indian mass-life, Mr. Lawrence has burned mystery incense before many humble understandable things. With a drawn face he peers at the Indian village through trembling cloudy fingers—an inverse sentimentalism not unlike that of uneducated women in villas, and indeed Mr. Lawrence's coign of vantage is a sort of Mexican mud villa with parrots, a dog, a "dumb-bell" servant; and he writes on an onyx table.

To use Mexico as a flail to excitate one's soul is one thing; to approach it scientifically or with poetic reality is another. The counter-poise to Mr. Lawrence is such a writer as the great old chronicler, Bernardino Sahagún; or the graceful ease of Flandreau's "Viva México!" or if we turn elsewhere, Borrow's "The Bible in Spain"—all the sinuous, muscular, non-sentimental records of men who went abroad to work, to conquer, to live, to understand, to build.

Mr. Lawrence declares Mexican myths hold "no grace, no charm, no poetry." Bunk! His own half-told myth of the goddess giving birth to a "razor-edged blackish-green flint" illustrates the contrary. Since when did poetry agree to be tender? And what is more lovely and tragic than the departure of Quetzalcoatl, the Evening Star, from Tula, to embark on his raft of snakes over a distant sea? How about the legends of the Nahuatl heavens? Of the trip to Aztlán? Mr. Lawrence states that the goddess of love is a "goddess of dirt and prostitution, a dirt-eater, a horror." Undoubtedly he refers to Tlaclqüani (Eater of Unclean Things), the Goddess of Carnality; but how about the real Goddess of Love, the spring-clear beauty of Xochiquétzal (Precious Flower), or of Chicomexóchitl (Seven Flowers)?

Lawrence would like to be a free pagan, wear the Tolstoian mujik caftan, would like to be a hale Walt Whitman, "using pornography for chaste ends"; would like to be able to exclaim with Pinel, "What a magnificent cancer!" But naturalism creates in him constant fascination and shuddering recoil, and out of this shuttle flares the lightning-cleft of insight denied lesser writers. The English puritanical queasiness clings; fundamentally he hates the grape-heavy southland; all normal animal functions become distorted. He loves to mess in the mud with one ginger toe, then gets conniption fits at the sight of his soiled digit. The fortunate result of this *arte d'essere infelice* is just such glorious prose that wreathes so many of the pages of "Mornings in Mexico."

Yet this recoil, ending in stubborn isolation, this semi-hatred of others, though it incapacitates Lawrence to know the homely joys of Mexican life, nevertheless accentuates his appreciation of differences, of contrast, of bold color, of surging race purpose. He grasps the strong flowing-on of Mexican communal life and psychology; the semi-animistic approach to the forces of nature; the indigenous Bergsonian concept of the time-stream as opposed to the white man's painful piecemeal exactitude; the reckoning of distance in subjective terms of beauty or physical freshness. He notes the truer, flexible thinking of the Indian in curves, not the white man's straight lines "hacked out against the will of the world." Faithful, too, is the author's sensitivity to the creative surge welling up in the corn dances, the snake dances: the dancer, "slightly bending forward, a black gourd rattle in the right hand, a small green bough in the left, . . . the eternal drooping leaf that brings life down, down, down from the mind, down from the broad, beautiful shaking breast, down to the powerful pivot of the knees, then to the ankles, and plunges deep from the ball of the foot into the earth, toward the earth's red center where these men belong, as is signified by the red earth with which they are smeared."

But in general Lawrence's approach to the Indian is that of wonder, wonder tinged with sentimentalism, with foreboding, with anxiety over the fate of the white monkeys when the present Fifth Sun shatters—and since this wonder is exactly the Indian's own approach to the universe, it betrays that Lawrence, though quite outside indigenous intimacies, lacking intellectual rapprochement, is emotionally coalescent with the whole mainstream of Indian life-consciousness. Says the Indian and says Lawrence, "Thou shalt acknowledge the wonder."

CARLETON BEALS

The Sense of Tragic Life

A Good Woman. By Louis Bromfield. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

NOT unlike that God whom his hero Philip Downes created in his own image after years of unbelief, Mr. Bromfield is concerned with the "whole glowing tragic spectacle of living." His interest even includes Jason, the mocking sensual dudish little runaway husband of the Good Woman, and Naomi, the white-faced sloppy ecstatic missionary, and the Reverend Castor, who has listened to the troubles of his women parishioners and lived with a hellion for fifteen years. As in the other novels he is preeminently interested in Lily Shane, who has escaped the Town, but whose beauty and gaiety and sinfulness are still a legend in it; and in the play of character on character and of the community on the individual. He is interested in the gathering social conflict, and has a keen sense of the changes that have taken place in the Town as the old pleasant feudal system of living, based on agriculture and trade, has given way to the new, grimy, flamboyant, breathless, but still feudal system, based on manufacturing. He sees the Town growing bigger and dirtier and harder and faster and more poignant and inarticulate in its tragedy. He sees the necessity for that escape which is the theme of his four panels of American life that are concluded with this novel, pressing more insistently on those uncomfortable individuals who cannot accept its Gods or its aesthetics or its morals or its system of economic distribution. He sees, though not so poignantly, for his sense of life is chiefly that of human life, the splendors of the Jungle and the mist on the Flats in the moonlight.

Unfortunately the fascination with which he tries to surround the figure of Lily Shane is never quite satisfactorily accounted for in her actual presence; it even seems sometimes to rest rather heavily on her ability to live luxuriously on a wealth that is indirectly piled up by those same new industries whose encroachments, grime, and rapacity she and her mother so generously resent. The forces that destroy Philip are still chiefly forces outside himself—his mother's encroachments on his will and personality—instead of those more subtle and alarming forces that operate equally to destroy men whose life is lived in a freer spiritual atmosphere than that of the Town. Instead of arising out of the conflicting impulses of human nature, the hazards of the story are supplied by the pet indignations of a clear-eyed young man who can put a firm finger on all the weak spots in his environment and say, if the church were not so besotted, if the capitalist system were not so unjust, men might be free. In short, this novel, that starts out with an interest in the whole tragic spectacle of living, loses itself sometimes in the literature of protest. This is not to deprecate Mr. Bromfield's interest in that gathering social conflict to which most of our competent novelists are strangely blind; nor foolishly to suggest that that conflict is in itself other than supremely important. But the fundamental traits of human nature are less affected by the particular economic theories a man may hold than the ardent advocate of a new system is prone to believe; and it is fallacious to represent the

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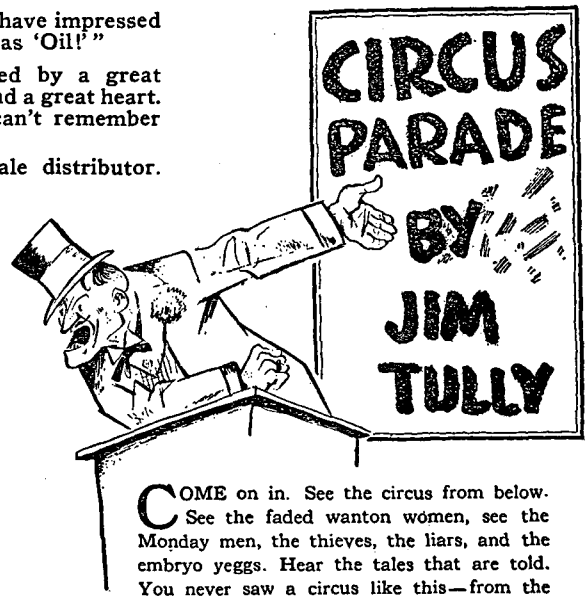

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THE LIFE OF BUDDHA

By A. FERDINAND HEROLD

GLEANED from the epics, the poems and the legends of India, this LIFE OF BUDDHA retains all the exquisite beauty of that ancient literature. The author has invented nothing; the life as he traces it from the miraculous birth of the infant Siddhartha to the legendary death of Buddha, is taken from the original texts; but he has used a poet's discretion in the choice of incidents, and while preserving color, the atmosphere and the imagery of the original, he has contributed a beauty of form and a poetry of language that is his own.
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defendants of the present order as necessarily gross, and the advocates of the new as necessarily idealistic.

Mr. Bromfield's equal interest in the individual and in the social scene against which the individual moves is evidence that he has in him the makings of a major novelist. But so far, and the fact is especially marked in this, perhaps the best of his four novels, the two interests work antagonistically, since in his desire to paint a passing social scene of immense significance he makes his characters symbols of the various aspects he wishes to dramatize, destroying them as individuals in order to stand them up against a wall as tendencies and shoot at them. But no sooner does he invade their individualities than they cry out to him that after all they are real people. And because he is a real novelist, he sets them walking on their own feet again for a page or two.

The style, which has always been more flowing and rhythmical than individual or exact or poignant, has gained considerably in this book. And we could ill afford to exchange Mr. Bromfield's wide canvas, his verve and his sense of life, for a half-dozen happy phrases. It remains to be seen whether his seeming contentment with the casual or approximate word and his rather hasty and inadequate presentation of many scenes marks a real artistic limitation, or is a natural defect in a man whose characteristic it is to be more interested in a scene as a whole than in its details. For though Blake's dictum that "to generalize is to be an idiot, to particularize is the great distinction of merit" is devastatingly true, it is also true that a great talent gets itself fully into control more slowly than a small precise one; and there is no question in my mind that Mr. Bromfield has great talent as a novelist.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

The A B C of Communism

Communism. By H. J. Laski. Home University Library. Henry Holt and Company. $1.

IN the important series of monographs in the Home University Library such writers as Lord Hugh Cecil, Professor Hobhouse, and Mr. Macdonald have contributed expositions of Conservatism, Liberalism, and Socialism. Professor Laski, who has already written on Karl Marx, completes this series on political parties with distinction by the present volume on Communism. It has been said that to understand a movement one must first sympathize with it, and the earlier books in the series have been written by outstanding members of the parties concerned. It is a high compliment to Professor Laski's ability that, while writing as an avowed critic, he has yet succeeded in leaving no impression that the strength of the Communist argument has been understated. For ten years Conservative journals have been conspiring with Labor newspapers to advertise the name of Communism; it is fortunate that somebody should be found to expound in a book of brilliant lucidity what the name means.

Modern Communism, Professor Laski recognizes, is Marx writ large; it is the gospel of Marx and the acts of Lenin. Hence Mr. Laski's treatment of what Engels, in contrast to "scientific Socialism," termed "utopian Socialism" is of the briefest. As a consequence, the book reads as the history not of a dream but of a protest. The paradox of Marx is that he was an individualist by temperament, as much as Plato was an aristocrat. It is the conservative monk who is the practicing Communist. The iron had entered into the soul of this exile, Marx, and it is as a bitter individualist that he took over the smugly individualist assumptions of the classical economists. As a result, his Labor theory of value is better as a demolition of the individualistic economy, with its assumption of natural equality of bargaining power between men and its further assumption that each man is paid what he is worth, than as a constructive document. Negatively, it effectively contrasts the optimistic theory with the facts of capitalist society in the middle of the last century. But, positively, its economic theory is as mistaken as Marx's proof that the proletarian revolution would come first in the most highly industrialized countries. Professor Laski has not fallen into the trap which has caught many of the critics of Marx, has not attacked the words of an indifferent economist and allowed the ideas of a prophet less endearing but more important than Mazzini to go unscathed.

Similarly negative and uncommunal is Marx's political doctrine. The facts which confronted Marx were those of the industrial revolution and the fruits of lucre, self-help, and free competition. It was the kind of age when most men would have been in agreement with Sir Ernest Benn. Principles of Eternal Justice, proclaimed by Godwin and Sismondi, were ghostly stuff to turn back the clock of invention which had recorded the passage from an agricultural into an industrial civilization. The distinction is perhaps scarcely clear in Professor Laski's book between the interpretation of history in terms of the material instruments of civilization and the more ephemeral and rationalistic interpretation, typical of Marx's times, in terms of the psychology of acquisition. But the book lucidly states the doctrine of human bondage to physical needs, and of that competition for the alleviation which wealth can give between those cities of "haves" and "have-nots" into which Lord Beaconsfield divided the contemporary world. Professor Laski endorses Marx's premise of the existence of the conflict of class interests, but he declines to draw Marx's conclusion that the competition must inevitably become fiercer and develop into class-war which, the Leninist wing not illogically maintain, carries the corrollary of violence.

The weakness of the constructive and community side of Marxian Communism is shown by the vagueness of the New Age. This, for Marx and Lenin, is to follow when the state, instrument of conventional order and of class oppression, after having been turned by the proletariat against their enemies, the obstinate opulent or the undisciplined anarchist, has accomplished its last work of destruction and is itself destroyed. Such suggestions as have been made by Trotski—of the first interest in their discussion of such topics as the place of the expert—seem to look forward to an age of American efficiency, Slav self-abnegation, and control by the Russian mujik and town-laborer. The trouble with scientific Communism is that, in its Russian example, it has little chance to be scientific. And, against Bolshevik political strategy, Professor Laski protests with Mr. Bertrand Russell that the intelligent cooperation of Communism is not to be encouraged by engendering the class hate and contest for power of Leninism.

Professor Laski has the happy gift of writing important books, and the present is no exception to his practice. By solemnly warning us that, unless we give due weight to what is just in the Marxian diagnosis of social ills, we are contributing our little mite to promoting the trial of the drastic Marxian cure, Professor Laski deserves the thanks of all those who are pressing for social research as preliminary to sound diagnosis and for scientific social reform "in our time"—and in time.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

A Major Prophet

The World in the Making. By Count Hermann Keyserling. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

IT will be recalled that Count Keyserling, the contemporary pilgrim of eternity, after satiating his soul with Oriental mysticism, at the end of "The Travel Diary" renounced his allegiance to the East in favor of the Western world of action. "We are the hands of God," he assured us. In the present work he casts his eyes over the creation of these hands and with a far glance down the future pronounces it ultimately good. While his view of culture as the outward expression

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Harry Hansen in the *New York World* calls it "the sober second thought of the historian . . . . a very able study of this president's policies and politics." And the *Herald Tribune* says, "Professor Hill has turned the X-ray of historical criticism upon Roosevelt's Caribbean policy." *$2.50*

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of an inner spirit is identical with Spengler's and while he agrees with this arch-pessimist that culture today is everywhere dead or dying, he believes that he can see clearly the phoenix egg of a new birth. Whereas former national and racial organizations were developed around particularistic religious sanctions of emotional and untransferable character, modern civilization, based upon applied science, is daily proven to be essentially transferable. Relatively independent of tradition, it can be picked up almost over night, as in the case of Japan. This means that a world unity is actually in the making before our eyes. The spirit induced by modern industrialism is world wide. "Since the decline of antiquity no revolution has been equally cataclysmic," and again "The technical is grasped by a larger percentage of all people than any cultural achievement since the Stone Age." This means the triumph of the generally human over the particularistic, over race and nation. The perfervid nationalisms of the present day are doomed in the nature of things. Already since the war super-national blocs of hitherto unheard-of proportions have arisen: the Anglo-Saxon, revolving about London and New York, the Pan-Islamic, the Russian Oriental.

The ultimate goal, centuries ahead, is the ecumenic state embracing the whole world. But Keyserling has no fear that this world will remain mechanized. The abstract intellect, which has attained such priority over other activities of the human spirit, is after all only a part of it. The spirit in its essence is irrational, its religious and aesthetic demands perennial. In the long run, wearied of its mechanical toys, its external organization stabilized, it will return to a cultivation of itself and a new culture will arise. But this will be a world-culture, the expression of a new type, the world-man.

Readers of "The Travel Diary" do not need to be told that such an outline does no justice to the wealth of suggestive and original ideas which Keyserling drops lavishly on every page he writes, or that it overlooks the numerous inconsistencies which are a part of his fertility of thought. But the chief value of this new work lies in its pertinence. Here is a philosopher who has something to say not only about the Absolute but about his own generation. Here is a man who in the midst of the greatest revolution in history has some curiosity as to its significance. Whether his specific prophecies be correct or incorrect depends upon how far he himself is the type of the future—for he himself is just this man of the world whose far-off coming he prophecies.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

A Lyrical Mind

The White Rooster. By George O'Neil. Boni and Liveright. $2.

THE poetry of George O'Neil exhibits a union of two qualities rarely fused in any epoch and more rarely still in our own. There is enough aseptic and unillusioned intelligence about him to enable him to tread the path of T. S. Eliot if he wants to. There is enough immediate magic of melody and image to put him in a common realm with Yeats. It is perilously easy for a poet to become a mind and cease to be a musician. It is a peril that E. A. Robinson himself has not always avoided. And poets with a gift for singing and for pictures often lack the detachment of the equipment for thought.

"The White Rooster" seems to me a notable volume, first of all because it sings with a vital and insistent music. But its song is song with a substance and its substance is that of a questioning and unmitigated intelligence. I think most readers will be struck by the song and the energy before they are arrested by the mind. The title poem is an evocation of that positive color of life which is the peculiar domain of poetry:

> Ah God! to have a breast like that
> To throw at day,
> Thrust for the hands of dawn
> To quiver and flare upon,
>
> With a bloody flag sewn in your head,
> And a hook of gold to end you,
> And all yourself an arch,
> And your soul a white cascade.
>
> Ah God! stab upward with your noise,
> Tear at the sky!
> With his spine a tilted flame,
> And the day gone molten down his throat
> What singer could not make one song
> As fine as fire?

But if they are careful, they will discover a significant crackling in the flame. It is the sound of a modern and skeptical mind, singing instead of sobbing, and remaining, though skeptical, upon a major and vital note. There is an almost brazen stab and hurt of beauty in the lines and in the consciousness of this poet, who can also write:

> Silence shall rim the darkness that descends
> To wander blindly over ruined land,
> Where no word falters between thwarted friends
> And no pathetic lover lifts his hand.

"Events" is a kind of inverse ironic history written by an unfooled observer who sees the toad on Napoleon's path, the raindrop that falls on Cleopatra, and the thrush that sings while Tristan and Isolde sleep.

Mr. O'Neil keeps his eyes clearly on the edged and vivid surfaces of things, he keeps his voice limpid and his mind clear. A poet who can do that demands attention. A poet who can do that should not permit himself ever, as Mr. O'Neil does on a few occasions, to be obscure.

IRWIN EDMAN

Superior History

History of England. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans, Green and Company. $4.25.

THIS book will never be a rival of the other one-volume textbooks of English history on the market, since it confesses to a series of Lowell Lectures as a point of departure and is written by one of the few men now alive who not only can but invariably do write history which is also literature. The author presupposes, it is true, both information and interest which the American student probably lacks, but there is more than adequate compensation for this in the superior workmanship of the volume as a whole and in its charming style.

It is an understanding book.

> The era of Celt, Saxon and Dane is like Macbeth's battle on the blasted heath. Prophecy hovers around. Horns are heard blowing in the mist, and a confused uproar of savage tumult and outrage. We catch glimpses of giant figures—mostly warriors at strife. But there are ploughmen, too, it seems, breaking the primeval clod, and we hear the sound of forests crashing to the axe. Around all is the lap of waves and the cry of seamen beaching their ships.

It is a book of enthusiasms. The zest of the author for his task is patent in his accounts of the Vikings and of the Normans; he warms to his subject visibly in his brief but penetrating sketches of Wyclif, Cromwell, Marlborough, the great Whigs, Wilberforce, and in his quiet estimate of Victoria.

Moreover, it is a fair-minded book, well informed, always intelligent, very frequently stimulating. The author knows his Chaucer and his Shakespeare as well as he knows Parliamentary statutes and the latest monographs, and uses them as freely.

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He stubbornly clings to his earlier view that the Lollard movement persisted until the sixteenth century. He is equally at home in the corporate life of the Middle Ages, in the towns and villages of the seventeenth century, and in the England of the Industrial Revolution. The chapters devoted to the Stuarts are perhaps the best in the book, as might be expected, but those dealing with the Tudors and with the earlier Hanoverians are not less brilliant. Finally, it is a sustained book (it is hardly the author's fault that the nineteenth century is something of an anticlimax in English history), and it is a teachable book, by reason both of its intelligent organization accompanied by very skilful subordination of detail and because of its numerous and excellent maps.

A few quotations, though selected at random, will suffice to give the flavor of the book. "If Alfred's lot was cast in narrower geographical limits than the Napoleonic area of Charlemagne's activities, his work has lasted longer." "Green earth forgets—when the school-master and the historian are not on the scene." "Our constitution was the child of Feudalism married to the Common Law." "Pym and Cromwell had to tread the path of revolution to procure the armed force which the Parliamentarians of the Middle Ages normally and legally possessed." "Her [Elizabeth's] bold decisions are few and can be numbered, but each of them began an epoch." "English king worship was the secret of a family and the spirit of an age." "The riddle of Oliver must be read not in his mutable opinions but in his constant character." "Nelson is the best-loved name in English ears." "In the earlier scene, man's impotence to contend with nature made his life brutish and brief. Today his very command over nature, so admirably and marvelously won, has become his greatest peril. Of the future the historian can see no more than others. He can only point like a showman to the things of the past, with their manifold and mysterious message."

SIDNEY R. PACKARD

Books in Brief

International Problems. By Tommaso Tittoni. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. 10/6.

The President of the Italian Senate has been making official and political speeches during a long and honorable career. Those conserved in this volume no doubt served an excellent purpose at the opening of various sessions of the Italian Senate and on other official occasions. Reprinted, they serve to show how impeccable sentiments may be expressed in the finest oratory and merely fall on the air. On economic subjects Signor Tittoni is as correct as on all others. Only in one, strangely companioned with its bedfellows, does a human being break through when discarding form Signor Tittoni makes a long speech full of gossipy interest about Stendhal on the occasion of unveiling a memorial to him. The book is avowedly published to help to an understanding of Fascism. It does show that a great European Liberal could go on making the same speeches before Mussolini seized power and after. But an air of correct ineffectiveness that pervades it hints at a cause for the exasperation which helped to make Mussolini what he is.

Wolf Song. By Harvey Fergusson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"Wolf Song" begins with Sam Lash and two other mountain men riding from their winter beaver trapping into Taos—riding to "white liquor," "brown, willing women," and "fat eating and store fixings." It ends with Sam Lash in primordial embrace with Lola Salazar, daughter of Castilian grandees. "Antagonists who could neither triumph, they struggled in a grip neither could break." Wolf songs are always about women, and this one the reader has no desire to break away from. It shivers to the marrow and throbs to the sky. On the one hand it depicts the struggle between

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mountain men and relentless nature; on the other hand; between Anglo-Saxon frontiersman and Spanish pride and breeding—the theme Mr. Harvey Fergusson worked out so well in "The Blood of the Conquerors." He knows these men of the mountains: their way of raising hair, of wolfing meat, of telling tall tales, of taking what they want, of following the blazing trail struck by the immortal Jim Bridger. Perhaps he does not know human nature so well. But he does know how to tell a story.

Employment Statistics for the United States. Edited by Ralph G. Hurlin and William A. Berridge. The Russell Sage Foundation. $2.50.

When Wesley Mitchell contributed his volume on "Business Cycles" to economic literature, he challenged the smugness of Big Business in respectable statistical terms. Since then, most economists have busied themselves in gathering data to substantiate or disprove his principles. It may be said that his challenges started the demand for accurate statistical data. This volume is an attempt to develop a technique for gathering and presenting more accurately the facts of employment. The study analyzes the methods by which such employment statistics are obtained, the necessity of checking up such statistics with various sources such as trade unions and employment offices, and finally the necessity of presenting the results in a form available to the average business man, social worker, and economist. The book is an excellent outline for any governmental agency needing to secure accurate data on employment.

Wine, Women, and War; a Diary of Disillusionment. Anonymous. J. H. Sears and Company. $2.50.

Too bad that it is not as illegal to mislabel a book as a bottle of catsup. Stripped of lurid title and misleading jacket, this volume would have a much better chance to reach its proper audience. Its contents will disappoint seekers for sensation and pornography. Those who want exciting and colorful narrative of fighting should look elsewhere; into Hervey Allen's splendid "Toward the Flame," for example. But veterans who are not driven away by its publicity will find here what they have long desired; an unedited and unexpurgated diary of life in the American S. O. S. in France. The anonymous author, equipped with journalistic training, saw various service and had unusual opportunities for observation. The reviewer, whose experience touched the diarist's at many points, can vouch for the authenticity of certain incidents and of the initials which conceal the identities of soldiers and potentates. Here indeed is the Main Street of the A. E. F., at the rear where danger did not oblige efficiency or consideration for others. Petty annoyances and "latrine" rumors mingle with penetrating observation of national psychologies and international politics; war humor (the French interpretation of the mystic letters Y. M. C. A., for instance) and the temptations of wine and women vary a life that is for the most part petty annoyance and boredom. From such materials the historian must form his unbiased estimate of the American military effort.

Music

The Tail Wags the Dog

SOME of the music performed today, the music of Bach most notably, is old enough to have been written for instruments that are now no longer used. Of necessity this music is performed with modern instruments which produce a result different from the original. Again, some of this older music suffers from limitations imposed by instruments which have since lost many of these limitations. Thus, we find in the score of a Beethoven symphony a theme played by all of a number of instruments in unison except the horn which re-

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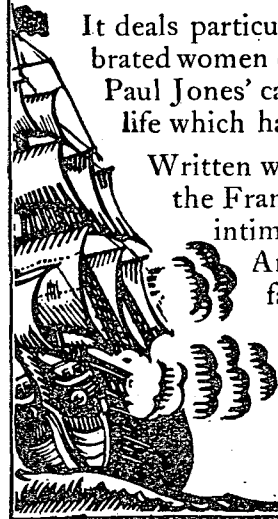

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iterates a single note; and it is obvious that Beethoven is bowing to the limitations of the horn of his day. Therefore, since today the horn can play the theme, it does.

Occasionally, however, the difficulty is created by the composer's inability to make use of even such resources as are available. Schumann, for example, has been criticized for obscuring important themes, or dulling what should be brilliant sonorities, by poor combinations of instrumental timbres. This is not so obvious as one might suppose from the criticism, because the noticeably bad places must be comparatively few, and because the works are played by fine-sounding orchestras under skilful conductors who improve passages by adjusting the loudness of the various instruments or even by altering the orchestration. It was almost inevitable that someone should suggest doing a complete job. "Such fine, noble themes, good workmanship, and yet such abominably poor orchestration," Theodore Thomas said to Frederick Stock (says Mr. Stock) after a performance of the third or Rhenish symphony. "All of Schumann's four symphonies should be re-scored, but especially this one." And this one was indeed finally re-scored by Mr. Stock, who introduced the new version to his Chicago audience in 1921. Critical comment was favorable: I recall that Mr. Aldrich approved mildly in the New York *Times*.

I recall, moreover, being struck, in Mr. Aldrich's report, by the fact that Mr. Stock had not merely re-distributed the notes of Schumann's music among different instruments, but had actually changed and added to the musical substance. Why, when Schumann's workmanship had been praised and only his use of orchestral timbres criticized? Mr. Stock's version, now that I have heard it at a Stadium concert in New York, does not constitute an answer; the changes in musical substance are unnecessary or positively objectionable. One is aware that Mr. Stock "has not omitted to avail himself of such opportunities as arise for contrapuntal embellishment in the various orchestral voices, these, however, growing out of the material which Schumann originated." This is absurd, obviously: it is for Schumann to decide, as he may be presumed to have done, not only what material to use, but just how it should be used. And this applies even more to the coda which Mr. Stock substitutes for Schumann's own, using Schumann's material. At the close Mr. Stock introduces the main theme of the first movement, which Schumann seems quite able to do for himself, since just previously he has introduced the theme of the penultimate movement. And at the beginning of this movement—in accordance with his astonishing practice of adding "a measure here and there in order to give greater clarity to Schumann's thought"—Mr. Stock places an introductory measure, "so that the enunciation of the theme of the movement, somewhat clouded in Schumann's version, may be made more apparent to the ear." Again, the possibility can hardly have failed to suggest itself to Schumann, and his decision to begin abruptly should stand. For Mr. Stock does not make the theme clearer with his introductory measure; he only weakens it. He also weakens the climax of the passage by splitting an introductory quarter-note into two eighth-notes. And throughout one catches similar alterations of rhythm, displacements of accents and other types of what one can call nothing better than unnecessary petty meddling.

Now, therefore, even more than when I read his account, I am struck by the approval of Mr. Aldrich, who ordinarily reveals acute distress over even a literal transcription of a Bach organ fugue by Mr. Stokowski. I am struck, that is, by another example of our critics' preoccupation with everything except the musical result that alone concerns them. For Mr. Stokowski is the bad boy among conductors, while Mr. Stock is a good boy. There appears, then, to be an important distinction between a man who draws attention to himself with a spotlight and one who does it by meddling with a composer's music. The distinction may be hard to make, but it must be there, for Mr. Aldrich and his colleagues are guided by it.

B. H. HAGGIN

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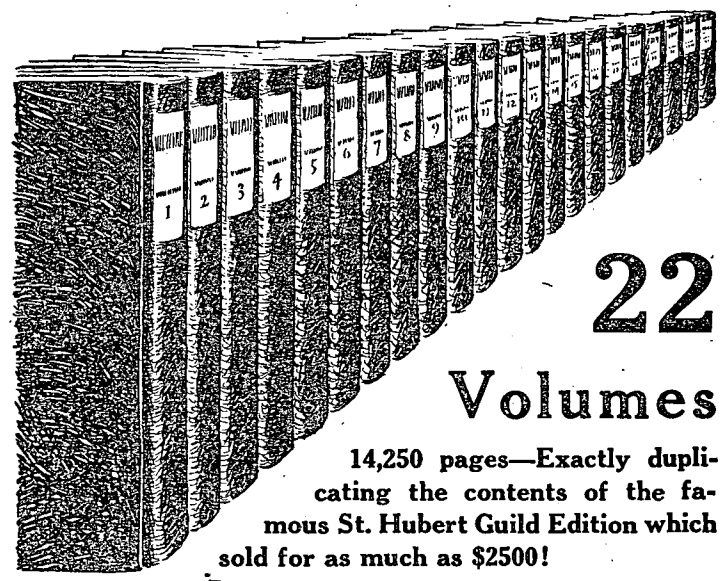

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International Relations Section

The Soviet Opposition

THE plenary session of the Central Committee and the Central Control Committee of the Soviet Union Communist Party on August 9 adopted a resolution dealing with the situation created in the party by the activities of the opposition groups under the leadership of Trotsky and Zinoviev. The resolution and a declaration submitted to the session by the leading members of the opposition was published in the Moscow press on August 10.

The resolution, after recounting the story of the opposition and its factional activities, which are declared to have constituted a violation of the party discipline, reads in part:

The combined plenum of the Central Committee and the Central Control Committee draws the attention of the party to the fact that the opposition, due to its factional activities against the party, has become objectively the center for rallying anti-party and anti-Soviet forces and that its disorganizing activities are counted upon by the internal and external counter-revolution.

The party, in the course of a number of years, has displayed the greatest tolerance and patience, having repeatedly warned the opposition in an effort to induce its leaders to submit to party discipline.

However, the recent acts of Trotsky and Zinoviev show that, after having exhausted all means of warning, the party has not succeeded in inducing the leaders of the opposition to submit to the will of the party; that the opposition leaders have flagrantly and systematically violated the very bases of party adherence and party discipline which are obligatory for each party member, no matter who he may be; that the opposition, led by the opposition members of the Central Committee, is carrying on factional activities undermining the unity of the party and leading toward a split.

The resolution on the unity of the party adopted at the Tenth Congress makes it obligatory for the plenum of the Central Committee and the Central Control Committee to put the question not only of expelling the frank disrupters and disorganizers of the party and of the Comintern from the Central Committee, but of expelling them from the party as well. Nevertheless, the praesidium of the Central Control Committee, in its desire to give the leaders of the opposition an opportunity to correct their errors and to renounce their offenses against the party, proposed only the expulsion of the Comrades Trotsky and Zinoviev from the Central Committee.

Moreover, the praesidium of the Central Control Committee and the combined plenum of the Central Committee and the Central Control Committee, in their desire to give the opposition leaders the opportunity to find a way out of the blind alley whither their policies had driven them and to facilitate the cause of peace in the party, have made a last attempt to preserve Comrades Trotsky and Zinoviev in the Central Committee and offered them a number of elementary conditions which are absolutely obligatory upon members of the Bolshevist Party and indispensable for the maintenance of peace in the party. . . .

However, notwithstanding the attitude of compromise adopted by the plenum of the C.C. and the C.C.C., and the mildness of the conditions, the leaders of the opposition declined to adopt these conditions.

Only when the combined plenum of the C.C. and the C.C.C. were compelled by this refusal to adopt in principle the resolution on the expulsion of Comrades Trotsky and Zinoviev from the Central Committee of the party, did the opposition consent to retract, renounce a number of errors, and agree in principle, though with reservations, to the proposal of the plenum of the C.C. and C.C.C. and to make the corresponding declaration.

In view of this, the combined plenum of the Central Committee and Central Control Committee have decided to table the question of the expulsion of Comrades Zinoviev and Trotsky from the Central Committee and to reprimand them with a stern warning.

The combined plenum of the C.C. and C.C.C. expects that this may prove a step forward toward establishing peace in the party. However, the plenum of the C.C. and C.C.C. is far from considering the "declaration" of the opposition an act sufficient to secure the necessary peace in the party.

The plenum of the C.C. and C.C.C. demands that the opposition immediately dissolve their faction and it calls upon all organizations and all members of the party to adopt all measures for the liquidation of factions, factional groups, and factional activities.

The Declaration of the Opposition

The declaration submitted by the opposition follows in part:

Without entering into the polemic form in which the questions have been put, we are substantially answering them.

To the first question: We are unconditionally and without reservation for the defense of our Socialist country against imperialism. Of course, we are unconditionally and without reservation for the defense of the USSR with the present Central Committee and the present Executive Committee of the Comintern in power.

If that particular part of Trotsky's letter wherein he refers to Clemenceau might have given any cause for an incorrect interpretation as meaning a struggle for power through making use of war difficulties, we categorically decline such interpretation. At the same time we maintain our conviction that, in time of war, the party cannot renounce criticism and refrain from amending the policy of the Central Committee should it prove incorrect. . . .

On the question of termidorianism [a movement toward the right] we declare: There are elements of termidorianism growing up in this country with a fairly firm foundation. We do not doubt that the party and the proletariat will overcome these forces by following the lines of Lenin and through the inner-party democracy. What we demand is that the party leadership should more firmly and systematically oppose these tendencies and their influence upon certain links within our party. We in no sense declare that our Bolshevist party, or its C.C. and C.C.C. have become termidorian.

To the second question: We acknowledge that there is a danger of a split and the creation of two parties in the Communist movement in Germany. While submitting to the decision of the Comintern and agreeing that it is not permissible to maintain organizational bonds with the expelled Urbans Maslow group, we at the same time propose, and we shall insist in the Comintern, that the decision on the expulsion be revised in view of the fact that there are among the expelled hundreds of old revolutionary workers closely connected with the working masses, devoted to the cause of Lenin and sincere in their readiness to defend the USSR to the end. . . . .

To the third question: We categorically condemn every attempt to create a new party. We consider the road toward the creation of a second party in the USSR as absolutely destructive to the revolution. We shall oppose with all our force and in every way every tendency toward two parties. We condemn just as absolutely and categorically the policy of a split. We will carry out all the decisions of the All-Union Communist Party and its Central Committee. We are prepared to do everything to avoid all the elements of factions which have been created through the fact that, under conditions where the

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inner-party regime has been perverted, we have been compelled to fight to bring to the attention of the party our actual views, and these views have been incorrectly represented in the press of the country as a whole.

(Signed) AVDEEV, BAKAEV, EVDOKIMOV, ZINOVIEV, KAMENEV, LIZDIN, MURALOV, PETERSON, PIATAKOV, RAKOVSKY, SMILGA, SOLOVIOV, TROTSKY.

August 8, 1927.

Soviet Courts

THE following account of the workings of the courts in the Soviet Union is taken from a longer compilation assembled by Myron Zaslaw after a recent visit to the USSR:

The people's court consists of one judge appointed for one year, but practically for good behavior. The purpose of the courts is to strengthen the gains of the revolution, to defend the working class against the onsets of conscious and unconscious enemies, and to inculcate respect for revolutionary laws. They are frankly and avowedly class courts. They are mild and sympathetic toward offenders from the peasants' and laboring classes so long as the crimes are due to social causes, inheritances of the long sad past of oppression, ignorance, bigotry, poverty, weakness, and disease. They are stern with criminals who ought to know better, especially if the crimes can be even remotely construed as directed against the dictatorship. In adjudicating civil cases or cases of assault and battery and the like, they are very fair and tolerant. But in law-suits involving merchants or individual entrepreneurs versus workingmen or against public enterprises, the judges show scant sympathy for the former and seldom indeed decide in their favor. Everyone is free to employ a lawyer or many lawyers and in case of grave charges free legal counsel is given the accused. The judges are workingmen, usually Communists. Most of them are not only honest and conscientious, but are very studious and, after a few years' service, display remarkable sagacity and knowledge of law.

The word "illegitimacy" has been dropped from the Russian lexicon. All children, born in or out of wedlock alike, have the rights and duties in and the claims upon society and family. Both parents must contribute to their support. But the difficulty of maintaining the child if repudiated by the father and the stigma still attaching to an unmarried mother in conservative circles have been the causes of many infants killed. It seems best to give three illustrations culled from the newspapers. A girl of nineteen, loving and loved by a young man, marries him and confesses being pregnant from an earlier lover. The husband pardons her and decides to adopt the baby. The pair quarrel often and the unfortunate bride, unable to bear his reproaches and vituperation, rejoins her parents. They are too poor to support her and the baby, and the young woman returns to her husband only to resume the terrible squabbles and bickerings. At the end of her wits, she decides to slay the baby and do away with herself. She forces prussic acid into the baby's mouth. Horrified at the infant's agony, the wretch runs with it to a hospital where it dies within two days. She is tried, confesses all, and tells the story of her sufferings to the court, which imposes a sentence of eight years without loss of her legal rights, as provided by law for infanticide. But considering the punishment too severe as a social measure, the judge on the spot commutes it to one month, which is redeemed by her preliminary imprisonment before the trial. She is free.

An intelligent woman of twenty-five kills her baby six weeks old because its father was infected with syphilis and she dreads the consequences to the innocent being. The judge sentences her to eight years, but commutes it to three years with strict isolation. The appellate division annuls the penalty as

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socially unnecessary. The supreme court sustains the court of appeals and the girl is once more a free citizen.

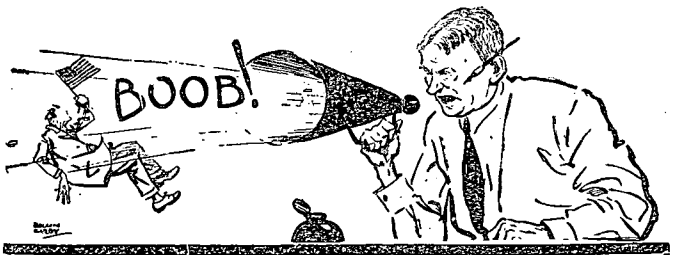
A high school student of nineteen, herself an illegitimate daughter, become pregnant, but completes her studies, and then gives birth to the baby, whom she registers in the name of its father. The latter, however, repudiates them both, and, unable to earn a living for the two, the girl strangles the child. The verdict is guilty, but the sentence of eight years is commuted by the trial judge to nine months in view of the father's callousness and the general prejudice against unmarried mothers. The court of appeals recommends a suspended sentence of three years and is confirmed by the highest court. The murderess is set free.

The following case we were so fortunate as to hear in a typical small town on the Volga. Two high school boys, sons of peasants, seventeen and seventeen and a half years, respectively, are accused of wilful swindle. In a strange town, far from their pauper parents who cannot give them any support, and at the end of their resources, they concoct a scheme to get money. The older of the two boys—shifty, sly eyes, weak chin—is the brain of the concern. He manages to steal a stamp of the cashier of a large cooperative store and the younger, a good mechanic, makes a copy of it. The stamp is then returned to the store. One day the two enter the store, buy 30 rubles' worth of textiles, stamp and initial the sales slip, receive the goods, and dispose of them to a "fence." Elated at their success, they return to the shop to repeat the operation the next day. They are apprehended and brought before the judge. They are paroled and ordered to appear for trial in three months. The younger, a nice but weak lad, continues to go to school and keeps his word, but the older one fails to put in an appearance.

The trial is postponed for three months and still the fugitive boy is absent. He is arrested in another town, kept in prison for two months and liberated again, but must report to the police regularly. Finally, for the third time, the trial is fixed for September and both defendants are present. The only outsiders are ourselves and a half-dozen schoolmates of the accused. The trial lasted about half an hour. The charge was read to the accused. They were asked their ages, social status, details of their lives. Our sympathy was with the younger boy. He shed tears and was really repentant. He told of a poor mother with small children and a ne'er-do-well father, of harrowing poverty, of hunger, of unpaid rent which was only a few cents a month. The judge suggested that he should have confided in his teachers, who certainly would have helped him. He pointed out what a bad thing swindle was for a youth. The younger boy had in the meantime finished high school and taken the entrance examinations to the *polytechnicum*, but, harassed by the thought of the coming trial, he failed. He begged the judge to forgive him, not to send him to jail, he promised to be honest. The older boy was far more hardened, but he, too, feigned tears and penitence. After fifteen minutes' consultation, most of which must have been taken up in writing out the verdict in long hand, the court returned and announced the sentences of eighteen months and one year, which he immediately reduced to nine months and five months, respectively, on account of the youth of the accused. Further considering that it was their first offense, that they repented, and that the older boy had been confined for two months, the judge declared the sentences suspended for three years.

This means, as the judge explains, that the accused are set free, but if within three years they are convicted of another crime they will have to serve the above sentence in addition to whatever other penalty they may incur.

An immense number of people in Russia have contemplated prison walls in the last five years. We met dozens of persons who had violated the innumerable and continually changing laws against private commerce, speculation, and the like, and who had suffered penalties. Although the code allows, for the



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same crime or misdemeanor, everything from suspended sentence to the extreme punishment, i.e., death, depending upon the attendant circumstances, age, and character of the defendant, his social status and antecedents, as a rule penalties are very light, as indeed they have always been in Russia, even under the czars. If the judges find extenuating circumstances, the punishments are the minimum permitted. Trustworthy first offenders often leave the prison and attend to affairs in town during the day, returning to confinement at night. Sometimes, after reporting to the keepers, they may even sleep outside. The prison term thus becomes nominal; it is reduced one-third or one-half for good behavior, while amnesties, especially on November 7, the anniversary of the October revolution, sets hosts of prisoners free.

The utmost simplicity and dignity pervade the shabby court rooms with their uncarpeted floors, wooden benches, and uncurtained windows that are seldom used for ventilation. The doors are open and anybody may come in, quietly. Accused, witnesses, and the general public sometimes come in ragged, dirty, unshaven, barefoot. They do not have to remove their headgear, but they are not allowed to smoke or talk. The court sits behind a plain table on a rude, low platform without bars.

Contributors to This Issue

HEYWOOD BROUN, formerly writer of the column It Seems to Me in the New York *World*, is the author of several books. The latest, a collaboration with Margaret Leech, is "Anthony Comstock, Roundsman of the Lord."

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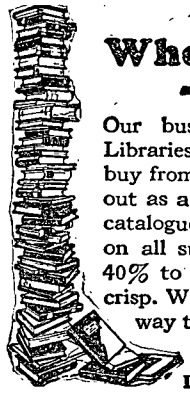

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